FIFTY LEADERS OF BRITISH SPORT

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ELLIOTT & FRY

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

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A SERIES OF PORTRAITS BY ERNEST C. ELLIOTT (OF ELLIOTT AND FRY) WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES AND A PREFACE BY F. G. AFLALO

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON & NEW YORK MCMIV

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PREFACE

THE text which accompanies Mr. Elliott's remarkable series of portraits is so meagre as scarcely to require any foreword. Were such an introduction desirable, I should be tempted to borrow from John Bunyan's rhyming apology to the "Pilgrim's Progress," but that, my subjects being still in the flesh, I have not been called upon to follow their careers to that extreme limit of interest in the personal equation. What they do and even, by inference, what they leave undone may be gathered in some part; but how they run and run until they "unto the Gate of Glory" come, that will be for other pens to relate. All that has been attempted, in an exposure scarcely longer than that of Mr. Elliott's lens, is to outline their many activities and varied hobbies, their public services, their private recreations. At any rate, with the above time-limit, these brief biographies cannot be said to add a fresh terror to death.

On two aspects of the book, however, it seems desirable to address the Critical. In the first place, there was the task of selection and the possibility of not unreasonable carping at the title. Someone, however, was, in the dim past, bold enough to select the Nine Worthies; and an anonymous committee of three, aided by much outside advice, must bear the brunt of having chosen the Fifty here depicted. That it would have been easier to

choose three times the number goes without saying. Eminent cricketers, eminent anglers, deadly shots, masters of the sword, some, in fact, who rank among the highest in almost every branch of sport mentioned in the following pages, have, of dire necessity, been omitted from the list. Indeed, with the exception of perhaps half-a-dozen, whose right to figure in these pages is scarcely open to question by anyone, it would have been easy to substitute other names without incurring any greater or less risk of reasonable criticism. Why, then, it may be asked, the title? Well, there is much in the name of a book, but it is not everything. The omission of the definite article precludes any suggestion of invidious comparison. Sport, like Society, may have a thousand leaders, just as it is the fashion of learned Societies to have an appalling list of vice-presidents, but there is no incorrectness in calling each one by that title. As, however, there have been some friendly remarks on the subject while the book has been going through the press, it has seemed desirable, if possible, to anticipate criticism, and it is perhaps only right to add that when those who were good enough to give special sittings for their portraits were first asked to figure in the book, its title had not even been thought of.

The second matter on which a word may perhaps be looked for is the somewhat unique composition of Mr. Ernest Elliott's portrait studies. The telephoto lens and other devices of an age of progressive, if somewhat mechanical, art have latterly enabled animal photographers to give us pleasing pictures of the most timorous creatures

amid their natural surroundings. The wide range of merit between these studies of the beasts and birds wearing their happiest expression and the earlier photographs of either stuffed specimens or woebegone captives in menageries needs no insistence. Some time ago Mr. Elliott, senior partner in the famous firm of Elliott & Fry, conceived the scheme of adapting the new photography to his own species. The sportsman, he rightly argued, is seen at his best when engaged in riding his favourite hobby. Without being at all times so timid as to need the artificial aid of the telephoto lens, even if the conditions of outdoor photography were more favourable to the delicate manipulation of sensitive apparatus than they are, it seemed that he might be photographed in his happiest mood if so much of the circumstance of the covert or river-side could be added to the mechanical advantages of the studio as to attune his mind and bring some faint imitation of enthusiasm to his face. Mr. Elliott, in fact, mentally compared the sportsman in his go-to-meeting clothes as something akin to the caged lion, if not indeed to the stuffed specimen. Some of the results of a year's careful experiment in this direction are offered in this volume; and I venture to think that they will be pronounced amazingly realistic, particularly when it is remembered that most of them were taken in the dim, religious light of Baker Street. They may, in fact, be regarded as the first milestone on a road along which portraiture will travel far. I doubt indeed whether, if Mr. Elliott had not combined in himself the qualities of artist and sportsman, the result of his labours would have been so

successful. Here we have none of the orthodox "Now, please!" exposure that betrays itself in some of even the best modern photographs. The pictures in this book, on the other hand, show men mentally throwing their carefully selected fly, negotiating their worst bunker, bringing off their favourite shot, and generally conducting themselves as if they were miles away from the ordinary tortures of the studio.

Contemplating one of the angling studies in the gallery, that of a distinguished legislator and eminent litterateur casting over the wary fish an artificial fly (of no matter what colour), we seem to see him transported miles from the weary treadmill at Westminster, and he might even be humming to himself, in his happy freedom from care, the concluding words of Izaak Walton's undying song:—

> "We'll banish all sorrow
> And sing till to-morrow
> And angle and angle again!"

F. G. AFLALO.

June, 1904.

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FIFTY LEADERS OF BRITISH SPORT

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

ALTHOUGH His Majesty continues to take the greatest interest in the racing stud at Sandringham, and although he shoots high pheasants as keenly and as accurately as ever, it is naturally as Prince of Wales that he was first and inalienably associated with all manner of sport. His racing colours were registered as far back as 1875, and ever since, though victory was not his for some years, he has identified himself with the best and manliest interests of the Turf. To this day he freely admits great pride in his splendid stud, in which the winners of other days sire the winners of to-morrow, but for ten years or more he owned chiefly the vanquished. The writer recollects being present on one occasion at a Continental race meeting at which two of the chief events were won in succession by the heir to the throne, then a lad in the nursery. Not so has our King won his triumphs, but by close attention to breeding and training and a personal supervision of the manufacture of that finished article, a Derby winner, out of the raw material. When Alep, the Arab, was badly beaten by Avowal two years after its owner had registered his colours, the Prince of Wales had nearly twenty years to wait before he was to win a Derby. In the meanwhile, however, the racing stud had been established at Sandringham under the care of Lord Marcus Beresford, though the first important success was not registered until, in 1894, Florizel II., trained by Marsh, won twice at Ascot. The first great popular victory was when Persimmon beat St. Frusquin by a neck and thereby won the Derby of 1896, a triumph which His Majesty repeated with Diamond Jubilee four years later. Writers of recent Turf

history have all related the true and curious history of how Jones came to ride the King's horse, owing to the animal having taken an unexplained dislike to the chief jockey in the stable, so it need only be referred to in passing. The undaunted Blacklock blood in Persimmon also came to the front in the Ascot Cup and Eclipse Stakes, and then the good horse, which had done so much for its royal master on the course, retired, laden with honours, to the Sandringham breeding-farm.

During his racing days the King has achieved a remarkable degree of success on the Turf, his winnings amounting to over £100,000 in stakes. The greatest year for the Sandringham horses was 1900; for they won altogether over £31,000. That was Diamond Jubilee's year. He won six events out of thirteen starts, including the Derby, Two Thousand, the St. Leger, Newmarket Stakes, and the Eclipse Stakes, and contributed over £29,000 out of the sum mentioned to the Royal exchequer, and placed the King (then Prince of Wales) at the top of the list of winning owners that year. Persimmon won the Derby in the fastest time on record, and Diamond Jubilee followed suit by winning it in exactly the same time.

Persimmon headed the list of winning stallions in 1902, beating his sire St. Simon, the amounts won being £36,810 by Persimmon and £36,531 by St. Simon.

The other sport for which His Majesty has always entertained a passion is yacht racing, and his successes in and around the Solent were curiously coincident with his triumphs at Epsom. It was in 1893 that he entered *Britannia*, rated 151, in her first race, and for three or four years she left her fastest rivals behind, beating such tried craft as *Valkyrie* and *Satanita*. When it is stated

that in her first season *Britannia* won thirty-three out of forty-three races, and in the next, twenty-nine first prizes out of forty-two, more than once beating the redoutable *Vigilant*, it will be understood that the Prince's yacht was no ordinary craft. She was not the first racing yacht owned by him, having had a predecessor in *Formosa*, but she certainly was the swiftest. In heavy weather indeed, in which the writer has more than once watched her outside the Island, there was no holding her: she went like a torpedo boat. Although she won the Queen's Cup in 1897, her first serious check came a year earlier, when she was beaten by the German Emperor's *Meteor II.* Still, she was a grand yacht; and those who remember her at her best, as she carried the Prince's colours first past the flagship, will reasonably regret that the mandates of nature preclude our Sovereign from establishing a stud farm for yachts at Cowes. *Britannia* would have sired some fliers!

As might be expected, His Majesty when Prince of Wales played a very prominent part in the politics of yachting, and his acceptance of the Commodoreship of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1882, was of the greatest importance in readjusting the hitherto strained relations between that body and the equally autocratic Yacht Racing Association, all difficulties being happily smoothed away by the accession of the royal Commodore to that honourable office, which he held until he came to the throne. When a mournful pageant moved majestically past the Squadron Castle one hazy February morning in 1901, the Squadron had to look out for another Commodore.

These two, then, are His Majesty's favourite sports. He has shot, of course, in many lands; big game on the occasion of his Indian visit in

the seventies; elk as the guest of the King of Sweden and Norway; deer in Scotland; grouse, partridges, pheasants—the last, shown high, being his favourites. He is no fisherman, yet that he has not wholly overlooked the claims of that gentle craft is proved by the interest he took in Lord Denbigh's experiment of stocking the lake at Buckingham Palace with rainbow trout. This does not, it is true, constitute him an angler, but it shows a sympathy with that craft.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

As he takes only a spectator's interest in horse-racing, and has not, at any rate up to the present, evinced that keenness for yacht racing to which his practical acquaintance with seamanship and navigation might have inclined him, the reasons for which the Prince of Wales is less generally known than his father as an enthusiastic sportsman are obvious. The King, both before and since his accession to the throne, has ever been in evidence as an owner at Epsom, at Ascot, and at Cowes, and never has other victory been so popular as when his colours have gone first past the winning post.

The Prince of Wales, on the other hand, has his chief delight in shooting and in fishing, in fishing a long way after shooting. The private character of the shooting parties asked to meet him accounts for there still being many ignorant of the fact that he is an extraordinarily fine shot, quite, in fact, in the front line. His Royal Highness is too fine a sportsman to admit distinctions of rank when it is any question of skill with the gun, but those who have seen him bring down driven partridges have no doubt whatever in their mind that he would rank among the first dozen shots in this country, and that this is no mean distinction even a glance through these pages will show. At driven grouse he has also shown himself a wonderful shot, and during his recent visit to Austria he shot capercailzie with the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, but he has for the most part shot partridges. A driven partridge, with a little wind behind it, is no fool on the wing, but it may without fear of contradiction be asserted that there are not half-a-dozen men in this volume

against whom the Prince could not hold his own on his day. Deer-stalking he has done around Balmoral, being a good rifle shot and an untiring walker on the hill; and he had various rough shooting during his sailor career in the Mediterranean countries, and some big game in India; but it is in the roots and stubbles that he proves himself a really first-class shot.

He is also a keen fisherman, his fondness for salmon fishing being shared by his mother and by at any rate two of his sisters. Many a fine salmon he has killed in the Dee and not a few in Canada, but his liking for the rod is quite secondary to his passion for the gun.

In other sports he has taken no prominent part, though he played a good deal of polo when stationed at Malta with the Mediterranean squadron, and both real tennis and lawn tennis have in turn attracted him. He is commonly claimed as an ardent motorist, and so no doubt he is; but he regards motoring chiefly as a convenient and exhilarating means of getting about and has no liking for motor racing.

That the Prince of Wales gives to sport only such time as he can spare from incessant calls of public business is well known. The most popular perhaps of his many great services to the Empire is the historic Colonial Tour which he and the Princess accomplished in 1901, and which found a fitting sequel in a splendid and memorable speech at the Mansion House, one message of which—". . . The old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competitors. . . ."—was flashed to the uttermost ends of his father's dominions.

THE EARL OF ANCASTER

Born in 1830, and educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, Gilbert Henry Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby succeeded as Lord Aveland in 1867, and as Lord Willoughby de Eresby in 1888, his present title being a creation of 1892. For four years previous to 1856 he represented Boston in the House of Commons; thereafter he sat for Rutland until the death of his father sent him to the Upper House. He is hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain, conjointly with Lord Cholmondeley and Lord Carrington, and he made an unsuccessful attempt on the occasion of the King's accession to prove his sole claim to that honourable office.

Lord Ancaster has always loved horses, and has rendered long and useful services to the Four-in-Hand Club, of which he was one of the earliest members, subsequently filling the posts of Secretary, Vice-President, and President. His famous black-browns have long been familiar at the Powder Magazine or Horse Guards Parade, and whenever there was a long drive out to the Crystal Palace his coach was almost invariably present. Though never a Master of Hounds, he has hunted a good deal with the Cottesmore and other packs, and in fact horses in some form or other have furnished most of his recreations.

He was, however, at his best an extremely fine shot and, though he never hunted big game abroad, he has had some of the best deer-stalking in Scotland. The forest of Glenartney, celebrated in "The Lady of the Lake," and one of the old royal forests in which the Kings of Scotland used to hunt when the Court was at Stirling, is his, and the introduction of new blood from Grimsthorpe has so improved the Glenartney stags that the forest has latterly yielded beasts of twenty-one stone.

THE EARL OF ANCASTER

As an angler Lord Ancaster has not discovered any great enthusiasm, but his indifference to the excitement of salmon-fishing has not stood in the way of his taking an active part in the work of the Tay Board, while in the Stobhall water he owns one of the most sporting stretches on that famous river. He is also a Vice-President, as well as a Member of the Parliamentary Committee, of the recently-formed Salmon and Trout Association, and his long experience will without doubt be of great benefit in the deliberations of that useful body in the Fishmongers' Hall.

Lord Ancaster is, however, not only a keen sportsman, but a model landlord, and his large estates in districts so divergent as Lincolnshire and the Highlands have given him a wide experience which lends great weight to his views on agricultural depression, rural depopulation, the small holdings fallacy and matters germane to that improvement of the land to which he has devoted much of his wealth and most of his life. Although he dearly loves horses, his greater love of farming has made him look with a kindly eye on the motor car, and particularly the motor plough, as a possible salvation of the farmer.

His son, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, continues in the House of Commons the work done there by his father a generation ago.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH

WHATEVER, justly or otherwise, has been alleged with regard to the apathy of recent members of His Majesty's Government, it is certain that none have ever thought of accusing Lord Balfour of considering his recreations first and his public duties afterwards. So great, indeed, has been his energy in various fields of political and other work that he can be compared in this respect with only one other public servant in this collection, and that a countryman of his own. I recollect reading a speech made on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of Edinburgh, and the multiplicity of his positions of trust reminded me at the time of the unsuccessful litigant's remark on reading upon a tombstone the legend: "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man." "Poor fellows!" he exclaimed, "is ground so scarce about here that they had to bury the two of them in one grave?" So, too, in Lord Balfour's case, it seemed almost impossible that a man, who no more than forty years ago was still at Eton, should have had more than thirty years continuous experience of every variety of county and parish work, and should now be presiding over his seventh Royal Commission. It is, however, as a sportsman that I must here consider him who was lately Secretary for Scotland; and even in the rare leisure which he permits himself Lord Balfour is almost as many-sided in his activity as at the council table, though it is easy to understand that his devotion to his country's affairs must always effectually handicap his enthusiasm in sport. Had Parliaments and Cabinets not tied him to London during the best years of his life, the subject of this article must almost certainly have stood among the best shots of his day, if, indeed,

he may be excluded from high rank as it is. Those who have missed grouse on a Scotch moor will appreciate one man knocking over his eighty-three birds at one drive. Even in a Yorkshire butt such a feat would be remarkable; north of the border it must stand almost a record, even in this age of trick shooting. While, however, we cheerfully admit that driven grouse are perhaps as severe a test of eye, hand, and indeed nerve as most winged things, it is also beyond dispute that, more particularly with a born shot, practice goes a long way. Not all Lord Balfour's zeal in his parliamentary work need keep him in town when a discriminating legislature arranges to be off duty on the twelfth of August. Yet on two occasions during the last thirty years even that sacred anniversary had to be dedicated to the strenuous life of politics, with which exceptions, however, Lord Balfour has, since 1863, missed being out on the twelfth only when it fell on a Sunday. On those occasions he was out on the thirteenth.

Nor, for all his love of the gun, does he neglect the rod, but it is common knowledge, among those whom it affects, that parliamentary fixtures interfere with salmon and trout fishing far more than with sport on the moors or in the coverts. Although, then, he has not entirely missed the mystic joys of angling, his opportunities in that direction have of late years been comparatively few and far between.

As a golfer he does not take high rank. As a matter of fact he is not seen on the links more than once or twice during the year, so that, having apparently no great love for his country's national game, he cheerfully describes his own play as about the worst on record. This gloomy verdict must necessarily be discounted; still, the fact remains

that his golf is not the finest exposition of the game.

Scotland has, however, another national game, one which will never permanently take up its home south of the Tweed unless our English winters return to their simple severity of half a century ago. Winters of the type familiar in illustrations in "Pickwick" are the very breath of the curler, and it is as the High Priest of curling that this all-round sportsman has been asked to figure here. In this game, at any rate, Lord Balfour has performed with the skill that we should expect of one who, so long ago as the year 1888, occupied the honoured position of President of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, a body that may be regarded as holding in the world of curling a position analogous to that held in cricket by the M.C.C. Students of our games invariably, and with good reason, contrast those, like cricket or tennis, in which the individual player is given opportunities of displaying his skill, with the others, such as football, in which the victory falls to combination among those who are ready to merge their individual strength for the common good of their side. Curling, even more perhaps than football, is the game of combination and not of the single player. Of it might have been said the familiar words: "The individual withers, and the State is more and more." Much, therefore, of the good service which Lord Balfour has from time to time rendered to his side would in the ordinary course have escaped notice, and the only indirect clue to his skill and keenness must be sought in the victories of his rink. Thus, during the severe winter of 1893, his rink made for the club a balance of over ninety points in all matches played. That year was, it will be remembered, a red-letter season in the annals of curling, though non-curlers still

recall its rigours with a shudder. Taking into consideration the aforementioned limitations imposed by his political engagements, and making some further allowance for the handicap of increasingly mild winters, the wonder is that he should have found opportunities of playing at all. Enthusiasm, however, will surmount many obstacles, and Lord Balfour has before now managed to dovetail a Cabinet meeting between one day's curling at Carsebreck and another at his own home at Alloa. Most of us have our pet ambitions, even in our play-time. To one man, the clambering of untrodden peaks; to a second, the bagging of the horns of some wild sheep half-an-inch more round the curve than those in Rowland Ward's book of record measurements; to a third, the scoring of his century in a Test Match. The subject of the accompanying portrait probably finds the acme of human enjoyment in the successful negotiating of a difficult shot with the curling-stone. And who shall deny that such an appreciation from so wonderful a grouse-shot is the highest possible compliment to a game which commands, if few, certainly the most devoted of adherents.

MR. JOHN BALL, JUNIOR

THE diarising Pepys wrote down some rude, smart notions about the inferiority of amateurs when pitted against professionals. His remarks referred specifically to fiddling, a pursuit that hardly falls under the category of sport, else had the R.A.M. furnished one or more of the immortals in Mr. Elliott's artistic Walhalla. Now, there was something in what Mr. Pepys said on this, as on most subjects, but his dogmatic statement is also open to considerable criticism. This is not the place in which to discuss the ethics of amateur as compared with professional sport, but it may perhaps safely be asserted that those games and sports in which the professional has been allowed to associate with the amateur on equal terms have maintained a standard of purity, of virile strength, and of freedom from the worst elements that can infect national pastimes, which we look for in vain in other recreations where the professional stands aloof. Between amateur and open championships there is generally a wide gap, and the interest taken in the two is by no means identical; yet where an amateur competes successfully against those who make a business of sport, enthusiasm is certain to run high, and, to their credit be it said, the professionals take their rare beatings with a good grace and give their praise without grudging.

When by sheer splendid golf Mr. John Ball, junior, of Hoylake fame, beat such redoubtable golfers as Fernie and Archie Simpson, thereby winning the Open Championship in 1890, he achieved a task which only one other amateur has as yet performed. Mr. H. H. Hilton has done it twice. Mr. Ball's position in 1890 was, however, in some respects unique, for that same year he won the Amateur Championship. This

he had previously won in 1888; and he wrested it from his brother amateurs on three subsequent occasions—beating Mr. Hilton in 1892, Mr. Fergusson in 1894, and, after a tie, the late Lieutenant F. G. Tait in 1899. In 1895 he was beaten by Mr. Balfour-Melville. Like Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who held the Open Championship, as elsewhere related in these pages, during the first two years of its existence, he is an Englishman; and on the Hoylake links he was always regarded as practically invincible, his long drives with the cleek exciting the admiration of eminent judges of the game.

Mr. Ball is master of one art, and has not, so far as is generally known, shone at any other game. Yet when sterner work fell to his hand, he was not backward, but went out to South Africa as a yeoman. The Royal Liverpool Golf Club presented him with a horse, and he proved himself worthy of this honour by winning the prize for the best kept horse in his troop. He is a somewhat quiet and retiring man, and, whatever opinion he may hold as to the game he plays, he rarely argues and has never been known to dogmatise. A player of such calibre can afford to maintain a degree of reserve that might be resented if it went with less merit, but, though many are agreed as to Mr. Ball's invariable attitude of modesty, none have ever been found to criticise it, except perhaps those editors who have essayed in vain to woo him from his silence—and editors, after all, hardly count.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT

SEEING that so eminent a judge of hunting as Colonel Anstruther Thomson once gave it as his opinion that Lord Worcester, as he then was, should be considered the equal of Tom Firr and Will Goodall, it may, without fear of contradiction, be stated that the ninth Duke of Beaufort is, quite without exception, the finest amateur huntsman in England, and that there are, moreover, very few professionals of whom he is not the recognised superior. It is, doubtless, owing to the long and useful service which he rendered to the Badminton Hunt as Marquis of Worcester, to the fact of his having succeeded so many-sided a sportsman and litterateur as the eighth duke, and to his own rooted objection to publicity that the world hears less about him than about some who have more slender demands on popularity in sporting circles. He must have hunted the Badminton pack through some of the most eventful years of its existence since he came of age. Going back to the days when, in 1868, Tom Clark retired from the post of huntsman—my authority is Mr. T. F. Dale's delightful history of the Badminton Hunt—we find that Lord Worcester, then in the Blues, hunted the pack. As a matter of fact, he was so keen that he went backwards and forwards, in fulfilment of his various duties, between Badminton and Knightsbridge; and, with the late Charles Hamblin as kennel huntsman, in turn succeeded by Will Dale, he has hunted the Badminton ever since. He does not appear to care about foreign travel, and perhaps others, if they owned Badminton, would be of his mind. He lives for the hunt, and his many successes with hounds, more perhaps by judicious purchase than actually by breeding—as witness his wins with the famous Vaulter, which he bought from Mr. Austin Mackenzie—have from time to time proved the

soundness of his judgment. Richer men might have hesitated to pay the price he gave for Lord Portsmouth's pack, or for the dogs out of Mr. Austin Mackenzie's, but the results have amply warranted the outlay. Moreover, it is only in comparatively recent years that the Hunt has accepted any subscription from its followers.

With the disabilities inseparable from a heavy-weight and the kind of horses that he must of necessity ride, the duke is a finished horseman, and, when in the Blues, he must have been among the earliest first-class polo players in this country, at Lillie Bridge and at Hurlingham. At that time, too, the Marquis of Worcester was a familiar figure driving the Blues' coach.

Recognising that the sacred fox is everything at Badminton, the Dukes of Beaufort have not made as much of shooting as their beautiful coverts deserved, and the present owner is not, in fact, a devoted shot, while the indefatigable amateur photographer, to whom even park walls are not always an obstacle, has never, in all probability, caught him with a fishing-rod in his hand. For horse-racing and the turf he probably has a cordial dislike. At any rate, his name is never reported at race meetings, which means that he is never present. And the absence of so devoted a lover of horses from the paddock and grand stand is a somewhat severe comment on a sport which has shared with his own hobby a title of illustrious associations.

MR. W. BUCKMASTER

In at any rate two respects Mr. Buckmaster, one of the most brilliant polo players of the day, differs from some other masters of the game: he is a civilian, in fact a member of the Stock Exchange, and he served his apprenticeship, one may say, while still a schoolboy. Many of our leading players are soldiers, and some of them never sat a polo pony until well on in life. When still a Repton boy, however, Mr. Buckmaster often saw, and sometimes played, polo in Essex; and at Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1891, at the age of nineteen, he kept ponies, playing for the University against Oxford, which was on both occasions (1892–93) defeated. Football he also played for the University, though not against Oxford; and he whipped in with the Drag. His other hunting at that time was with the Fitzwilliam, Oakley, and Lord Rothschild's; and nowadays he hunts with the Pytchley.

His early days of distinction as a polo player of front rank were when he played back, as he did for the winning teams in the International Open Tournament at Paris, 1895, in the Open Championship Cup Match at Hurlingham, 1896, and, the same summer, when playing for the Stanstead team, which carried off the County Cup.

Later on, during and since 1897, he played No. 3, particularly for the Old Cantabs, founded by himself on the disbanding of the Freebooters. With Mr. G. Heseltine No. 1, Mr. F. Freake No. 2, and Mr. L. M'Creery back, this fine team made a hard fight for the Open Cup Tournaments at Hurlingham and Ranelagh in 1899, and was victorious in the following summer.

Not always, however, are our best efforts successful, and his most memorable match was

the final for the Open Cup at Hurlingham in 1897, when his team was beaten by one containing two of the Millers and W. Drybrough.

Horsemanship is Mr. Buckmaster's *forte*, and he is a perfect judge of a pony, both buying and training with almost unvarying success. His two famous polo ponies, Rufus and Bendigo, were sold last year to Mr. Whitney, but perhaps he has as good in his stable.

During the season of 1903, when but little over thirty, he was still the junior of the majority of first-class players. He played with great keenness for the Orleans Club when it defeated the Cavalry Club, for Roehampton when it went to Ranelagh and beat the home team, and for Hurlingham when it won a great victory over Rugby, Mr. Buckmaster's side hitting no fewer than four goals in the course of ten minutes!

Early in the season he had met with a serious accident, which prevented him from playing in the Champion Cup, so that his first appearance was in the Open Cup at Ranelagh.

His near-side forward stroke is always worth seeing. In the play for the Ranelagh Cup he more than once drove the ball down the ground, hitting with equal certainty on the near- and off-sides and making a goal. Under any conditions, this would be a notable feat; in a wet summer, when the ground is cut up, it is wonderful. His control of the ball exceeds that of any other living player, and, playing last season at Leamington, he certainly sent the ball through the posts from a distance and at an angle that would have deterred any one else from even attempting the shot.

MR. EGERTON CASTLE

THE *arme blanche*, of which, in its long evolution from the hacking blade of the old *Freyfechter* down to the graceful weapon of the modern master of fence, he is the recognised historian in more countries than his own, made Mr. Egerton Castle a writer of romance; and, though the statement may savour of contradiction, the writers of romance, the creators of D'Artagnan, of Admirable Crichton, and of Bussy d'Amboise, made him a swordsman. While yet a boy, his enthusiasm for the phenomenal dexterity with point and edge displayed by these heroes of fiction prompted him to study the art and science of fencing: and this soon brought with it a growing disbelief in the accuracy of those alluring chroniclers. As a remedy to an obvious want, he wrote his celebrated work on "Schools and Masters of Fence, from the Middle Ages to the Eighteenth Century," published in 1884, as well as several highly popular stories, nearly all of which centred round the flash of cold steel. Rarely, indeed, as the sword cuts its way into Mr. Egerton Castle's later novels, he apparently had some difficulty in keeping its fearsome work out of his earlier books; and the high light that it threw on his vivid pictures of romance and passion was without a doubt responsible for much of their success, so rare is it to find accurate detail in the weft and warp of sporting fiction.

Mr. Egerton Castle, who, though only five-and-forty years of age, has studied for the bar, served in the army, fenced his way to a pinnacle of fame, and held his position with the pen, after even (as at any rate he is in the habit of saying) the rolling years have left his hand less keen for the longer weapon, must find some difficulty in enjoying that retirement to which, all too early, he seems to

aspire. Together with Captain Alfred Hutton, and one or two other devotees of the sword, it is common knowledge that his name figures in the organisation of every important assault-at-arms, in addition to which he delivers very fascinating and informing lectures, illustrated with vigorous bouts "at verie manie weapons," now on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, now in the august hall of the Society of Arts, which presented him with its medal for his last discourse on the subject of which he is master. The first of these lectures, delivered in the spring of 1891, made such a stir that it was repeated a fortnight later by command of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales; and from that occasion it is perhaps fair to date the modern revival of displays of ancient swordsmanship.

The first public appearance, however, of Mr. Egerton Castle was many years earlier, at Cambridge, where he won the prize offered by Angelo's for foil-play at the Universities, while the second was when he won his honorary diploma of "Maestro di Scherma, di Spada e Sciabola" at Rome, and the third was at the Royal Military Tournament, in 1882, where, as a Sandhurst Cadet, he won the gold medal for swordsmanship. Subsequently he twice represented his country in the International Tournament at Brussels. He is an honorary member of almost every Fencing Club of note on the Continent, and the only foreign amateur on whom the coveted fellowship of the ancient *Académie d'Armes de Paris* (dating from the sixteenth century) has been conferred. But of late years he has, as already said, with considerable difficulty, held himself *emeritus*, preferring the judge's bench, where, as the Grand Turk has it, he can let others dance for him. The last great function which he organised to a

most successful issue was the Franco-Italian match in 1902, at which H.M. The King was present.

The secret of his eminence as a swordsman is, no doubt, his unswerving devotion to style. As Mr. Andrew Lang once wrote: "Whoever has seen Mr. Ball drive from the tee, whoever has seen Mr. Egerton Castle fence, has seen style." Few will deny the absolute justice of Mr. Lang's statement.

As some middle-aged men—Mr. Castle has hardly any right as yet to the dignity of that category, though, to hear him speak philosophically of a purely hypothetical diminution in activity, one might think him approaching the end of his tether—swear by the royal and ancient game of golf as a sovereign specific for increasing infirmity, so the subject of this portrait relies on fencing to keep men perennially strong and healthy; and he considers that the complete change, the concentrated exercise, the perfect distraction of those joyous evening bouts at the London Fencing Club, after the day's work is done, have not their equal as a recreation for busy men about town.

Of Mr. Egerton Castle's literary work, his romantic plays and stories, there is here no room to write. "Saviolo," the short drama, which, at the suggestion of Sir Henry (then Mr.) Irving, who subsequently purchased it, he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Walter Pollock, at that time editor of the *Saturday Review*, is a case in point of the influence which his fencing exercised over his writing, for the whole action of the play centres round the character of the superb Italian swordsman, with whom Shakespeare is thought to have been intimately acquainted.

The dress in the accompanying clever photograph is, by the way, the "regulation" of the *Epée Club*, consisting of snow-white jacket, black breeches or trousers, heeled shoes (to fence on grass or gravel), and ordinary kid gloves without gauntlets. It is not by any means the most picturesque costume in which Mr. Castle has given displays of his brilliant fencing, but for its own particular purpose it would be difficult to improve upon.

MR. J. J. CAWTHRA

Born in Toronto in the year 1879, Mr. Cawthra has, after residing in the Old Country for ten years, returned to Canada, which affords him opportunities of indulging in his favourite ice games that the mild winter climate of England must often have denied him.

Lacrosse is the game with which he is naturally associated, and those who remember his play for the Duke of Argyle's team at Lord's in the spring of 1902 might wonder whether he had ever found time to play any other.

Yet before he went up to Clare College in 1897 he had already learnt to play Rugby football and ice hockey at the Upper Canada College, while Malvern taught him in addition association football and cross-country running, the latter to such good purpose that he finished third in the Ledbury run.

At Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree, he devoted the spare time of his five years' residence to raising the standard of University lacrosse, getting his colours the first year and his captaincy in 1900. For two years, as one born to the game, he played centre for South *v.* North, as well as for England *v.* Toronto.

As a runner also Mr. Cawthra has had his triumphs, the first of which was third place in the freshmen's three miles, for which he got his half-blue, subsequently receiving his full blue for the international meeting of Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Harvard and Yale, in New York, 1901.

He was in the Cambridge athletic team for four years, and was second in the Canadian one mile championship.

His best times were as follow :—

One hundred yards, 10⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile, 53⅘ sec.
Half-mile, 2 min. 1 sec. (Clare *v.* Oriel).
One mile, 4 min. 30 sec.
Three miles, 15 min. 20 secs. (Cambridge University *v.* London Athletic Club, 1900).

In 1900 he instituted and captained an ice-hockey club at Cambridge, winning the Prince's Cup in 1902.

To play hockey on the ice, a game which, so far as this country is concerned, belongs rather to a bygone period of rigorous winters, but which may still be played regularly in Mr. Cawthra's native land, one must be a finished skater, and, as a matter of fact, he was captain of the speed-skating club up at Cambridge, and won the 'Varsity races in the mile and quarter-mile.

The law seems a placid enough pursuit for one of such athletic prowess, but such is his destiny, and he is at this moment working it out in far Toronto.

Arduous as may be his studies, he will have no lack of resource for his spare hours. Still fond of lacrosse, though perhaps less addicted as the years roll by to the fiercer joys of athletic competition, he has lately developed a passion for the automobile, and already he has in his stable two cars. He also shoots and fishes, and has had many opportunities of enjoying both sports, whether in the strictly preserved coverts and waters in this country, or amid the freer scenes and grander resources of the Dominion.

Yet lacrosse is the game at which many of us have seen him excel. Whether Mr. Cawthra will find so vigorous a pastime suited to the more gentle requirements of middle age, there is yet plenty of time to learn.

CAPTAIN R. H. COLLIS

To own a racehorse is not always to be able to ride it. There must be magnificent excitement in bare ownership, but whether any other sensation attainable in the realm of sport can quite equal that of riding your own horse first past the winning-post is a matter of opinion. The imagination, challenged to find a parallel, hatches visions of a man's first tiger or salmon, of his first century in county cricket, or of some victory before ten thousand eyes at Henley, yet all these laurels seem to wither before the triumph of winning a Grand National on your own horse. We have few gentlemen riders to-day in the front rank, and indeed the recent death of poor Reginald Ward lately lessened their number by one who could ill be spared. It is therefore the more gratifying to find that Captain Collis has been among the willing subjects of Mr. Elliott's lens.

Born in 1875, in the County Tipperary, he went through the Militia into the Hussars just one-and-twenty years later, transferring almost immediately to the 6th Dragoon Guards, in which he was gazetted lieutenant in 1897 and captain in 1900.

Meantime, in the years 1899–1900, he was serving at the front in South Africa, taking part in operations in both Cape Colony and the Orange Free State. He was present at the relief of Kimberley, at Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, Driefontein, Karree Siding, and Zand River, at the last of which actions he was dangerously wounded. It was, however, in connection with the operations at Colesberg that he was mentioned in despatches and won his D.S.O., Queen's medal with three clasps. In 1901 he was made Adjutant to the Imperial Yeomanry, and still fills that post.

His racing has for the most part been crowded within the last three years, dating in fact from that

appointment, though he has raced off and on during the past eight. In the Grand National he has yet to ride. So far ill luck has persistently dogged him, for, although he entered several times, he never yet got his horses to the post, while in the present year he actually had a severe fall only the day before the race.

Yet of other events he has won his share, notably the National Hunt Steeplechase, on Mr. F. Bibby's Comfit, at Warwick in 1903, and in both 1903 and 1904 the Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase, the first year on his own horse, Prince Talleyrand. Of other horses that he has owned, mention may be made of Parma Violet and Tame Fox.

With the exception of such shooting as he has enjoyed in these islands, all his sport has been in the saddle, and to his racing may be added a fair amount of regimental polo and a good deal of hunting with the Old Berkshire, Bicester, North Warwick, Pembrokeshire, Kilkenny and other packs.

MR. J. DANIELL

THE history of cricket and football furnishes a remarkable number of examples of men who have excelled in both. Perhaps Mr. C. B. Fry, who figures elsewhere in these pages, is the combination of cricketer and footballer most familiar to the present generation, but the subject of this portrait, Mr. J. Daniell, can also pretend to considerable eminence in both games. This is no place in which to examine the reasons for this frequent dual allegiance to two games apparently so different the one from the other; but, perhaps, like foxhunting and polo, the two national games may be regarded as complementary in season for men gifted with superabundance of energy.

Though devoted to both games as a boy, it is with Cambridge, in 1897, that Mr. Daniell's serious football commenced. During the three following winters he played for the University, winning on the first two occasions against Oxford and losing on the third. In 1899 he played for England against Wales; and in the following year he captained England against Ireland and Scotland, winning—as followers of the game will remember—the former and drawing the latter match. His play has from time to time been interrupted, and in both 1901 and 1903 he was unable to take part in any international engagements. In the intervening year, however, he again captained his own country against Ireland and Scotland, and this time won both, curiously enough in either case by six points to three. He is not only a very fine Rugby forward, but a splendid captain. The neat way in which he engineers a scrimmage, never getting his men muddled up as some captains seem to, has more than once meant victory for his side.

His first-class cricket has been restricted to Cambridge and Somerset, in both of which, how-

ever, he has had excellent averages. For the University he played in 1899, 1900, and 1901, and in the 1900 Cambridge batting averages he was second to T. L. Taylor with 30.

For Somerset his 1899 average was 29, and in 1900 it was 24. It is on the Taunton Ground that he is particularly useful, not alone as a bat, but also as a field "in the country." On that small ground many a great bat has vowed to hit boundaries wholesale, only to find that he has not hit quite hard enough and that Mr. Daniell just manages to get in the way, while off a slow bowler like Braund he gets, and takes, quite a surprising number of chances.

He is fond of many kinds of sport, but has distinguished himself only at these two games.

EARL DE GREY

So long has Earl de Grey's name been a household word in shooting boxes, so long have we, who shoot atrociously yet admire pretty marksmanship, seen him in our mind's eye with four birds at once in the air, that those who meet him for the first time, and hear the humorous way in which he dismisses these phenomenal feats of shooting, must experience a shock. He is not fond of telling others how to do that which he does so well himself; he is the reverse of dogmatic, and he has never written instructions to shooters. In fact, as he frankly says when questioned on the subject, he feels that it is practically impossible to put down in black and white the exact spot at which to aim, the precise degree of swing required, and the one and only moment at which the trigger should be pressed. Not only will two excellent shots attain the same end by devious routes, but he considers it impossible to say precisely how it is done. In fact, the almost perfect attunement of hand, eye, and brain in a mechanical perfection cannot be figured out on paper.

There is, however, one point that he has been known to describe as too often overlooked or undervalued, and that is the position of the shooter. If we seek a parallel in the game of billiards, we shall find the professional constantly instructing the novice how to stand so that the point of the cue strikes the ball in the right place. The pointing of a gun, says Lord de Grey, should be studied with as much care. Thus, birds coming to the right require the shooter's left leg well forward; when they come to the left, it is, *per contra*, his right leg that should be advanced. Birds overhead demand that his two legs should be nearly in line, the left slightly in advance of the

other. It will be found that in these positions the necessary swing is more easily given to the gun, and that the chances of aiming behind the bird are materially lessened.

Another fault that Lord de Grey has been known to emphasise as particularly worthy of careful correction is that of dropping the gun at the moment of pressing the trigger. The remedy is to hold the left hand well forward, and to use the left arm entirely for moving the gun, the right arm being used only in pulling the trigger.

To say anything in this place of the very beautiful all-round shooting of a sportsman, whose performances were already related by Lord Walsingham in the earlier editions of the "Badminton" shooting volumes, would be only an impertinence. That no other living game-shot can beat him, that only perhaps Lord Walsingham himself can hold his own against him; these are truisms. That he would take very high rank in any shooting with gun or rifle is beyond question, though he is a man of strong preferences. For instance, he thinks very little of tiger-shooting from the security of howdah or machan, such as he enjoyed on a sporting trip in India when his father was Viceroy.

Keenness and quickness, combined with steadiness and a precious knack of keeping excitement well in hand at critical moments when coolness is everything, constitute the secret of Lord de Grey's shooting. Doubtless, he has enjoyed other sports, yet it would seem a waste of space to write of him in any other connection than with the gun.

LIEUT.-COL. H. DE BEAUVOIR DE LISLE

When the poet wrote of black care sitting behind the horseman, he must have overlooked cases of such superb horsemanship as that of which Colonel de Lisle is master. A man who rides as if he and his horse are one animal, who has captained the most successful of Indian polo teams, who in a single year (1891) in India rode thirty-one winning mounts out of a total of forty-nine, has no room for black care, either behind or before. Those who are judges of who's who and what's what at Hurlingham say that it is principally to his powerful hitting and fine riding that Colonel de Lisle's usefulness as a polo player is due. At the same time he must be considered on the polo ground in two aspects: as the player and as the captain. Even his admirers—and they are many—would not perhaps resent his exclusion from the very small number of brilliant polo players, while, for himself, he would unhesitatingly disclaim any such pretension. At the same time, apart from the individual qualifications of strength and horsemanship, which count for a good deal, his powers of organisation, his intimate knowledge of the peculiarities of each player in his team, make him invaluable as a leader; and as military polo is the backbone of the game, and as military discipline in a team is often the secret of success, the officer who can enforce a discipline that no one feels has the best chance of riding with the winning team. It may be that Colonel de Lisle is not brilliant; it may even be, as a friend of his whispers, that to keep in first-class play—and he figures, be it remembered, in the Hurlingham list of first-class players—he needs three times the practice required by other good players; the fact remains that his regimental team in India had an almost

unbroken list of successes that speak a good deal for its captain.

His polo career has so far covered a period of just twenty years. It was in 1883 that he joined the Durham Light Infantry at Gibraltar, and it was under the shadow of the Rock that he first learned to hit a ball from pony back. It was, however, in Egypt, in 1888, that he first played regular polo whenever opportunity offered, at Cairo, Wady Halfa and Assouan. The following year he went to India, and there he at once organised a Regimental Polo Club, with which, two years later, he won the Quetta Polo Tournament. The history of the team down to 1898, when the regiment left India, was one of almost unbroken sunshine chequered with but two passing showers, a failure at the Infantry Polo Tournament in 1893 and one other. Sixteen victories went during that period to the credit of Colonel de Lisle and his men, including four in the Infantry Tournament, three each in the Inter-Regimental and Jubbulpore fixtures, the Mhow Tournament twice, single wins at Poona, Bombay, and Johdpore, and finally the championship. A full explanation of so remarkable a series of wins would, no doubt, involve some account of other players in the victorious team, but it would be unreasonable to deny Colonel de Lisle his share of the success.

Since his return to England he has organised the Students' polo team, and has played for The Magpies. It is in the saddle that he excels, and if he had had greater chances of hunting and pig-sticking he would no doubt have held his own at these as well as on the polo ground. At shooting or fishing, or at games that have to be played on foot, he would in all probability vote himself a duffer. Such a horseman has, in fact, his limitations when there is no horse.

THE EARL OF DENBIGH

If one episode interested loyal anglers more than another during last year, it was the introduction of rainbow trout into the lake at Buckingham Palace, and the name associated with that effort is Lord Denbigh's. Lord Denbigh will say that the whole idea, nay, his own interest in trout hatching from its first inception, was due to his cousin, Mr. John Feilding, and this, no doubt, is right. Still, associations die hard, and nine out of ten who take any interest in such matters at all would, if asked, name Lord Denbigh as the originator and architect of the scheme.

Scarcely less interesting was the address with which, some months later, he proved the success of the experiment by catching some of the trout, three on one evening late in July. The largest weighed just 16½ ounces, and they were caught respectively on a small black hackle, a coachman, and a spent gnat, and all gave great sport. The spectacle of well-conditioned, silvery trout rising freely on all sides at gnats and moths on a summer's evening in the heart of London must have been a gratifying one.

He is a keen, all-round sportsman, and Lady Denbigh has often been by his side, whether hunting with the Atherstone or stalking big game in Cashmere. In the hunting field they are sometimes accompanied by several of their children, familiar to followers of the hunt as the "Newnham Commando."

It was in 1885 that he went with his battery to India, having married in the preceding year, and, as things were quiet, he got three months' leave to go with his wife into Cashmere. That was by no means his first sporting trip abroad, however, for, after he had served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 in a field battery, he went to Canada with his

father shortly after his appointment to the Royal Horse Artillery, and there, amid the wild rice swamps and shallows that border Lake St. Clair, he had his first experience of local duck-shooting and some capital days with canvas-backs over decoys.

It was in Cashmere, however, that, after following the roughest tracks, mostly devastated by avalanches, and reaching the nullahs of the Kajnagh, across the Jhelum, he got markhor and bear. The two finest markhor that he sighted and stalked were lost under somewhat trying circumstances. He had toiled and clambered in rain from five in the morning until two or three in the afternoon, and at last, after an interminable following of the ridge between the nullahs, he saw the markhor of his dreams; in fact, two of them lying side by side far below him. Another two hours went in getting near, and then, after all the hard work, he missed what he has described as an easy shot, and he attributes his failure to being dead-beat at the moment and making too little allowance for firing down on the subject. Nowadays he is able to discuss the episode with calmness, but it is said that he took some time getting over it.

After his promotion and subsequent return home to take up the duties of A.D.C. on the staff of Lord Londonderry, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Denbigh gave up arms and embraced politics, working hard for three years as candidate for the Rugby division of Warwickshire, but, as his father died shortly before the General Election of 1892, his chance of standing was gone.

He is an enthusiast at that which he puts his hand to, and he has been out in camp with the men every year since his appointment to the command of the Hon. Artillery Company. Last autumn

he took over nearly two hundred of them on a visit to the branch founded in Boston in 1638, after which Lady Denbigh and he visited a mining property in Mexico. His work in connection with the London County Council was thorough, perhaps, rather than well known, but he was particularly prominent when he resigned his seat for the City and went to Battersea, losing to Mr. John Burns by twelve hundred votes.

He was given an appointment in the Government as a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria in 1896, and in that capacity accompanied Her Majesty to Ireland four years later. He has retained the appointment under the King, and in the House of Lords he represents the Irish Office, answers Irish questions, and has charge of minor Irish Government bills.

Fishing, shooting, and hunting are all favourite pastimes with him, but he also pays close attention to his estate and tenantry, frequently throwing open the beautiful grounds at Newnham to the neighbouring public and never finding his trust abused. He is also interested in gardening and is frequently seen at the autumn bulb sales in London, sending down large quantities to Newnham, and even succeeding in interesting the villagers in their culture. This he contrives by selling some thirty thousand bulbs, daffodils, narcissi, gladioli and tulips, snowdrops and hyacinths, at cost price and in small lots, and the local enthusiasm in bulb culture now runs high and even supports hyacinth shows. In sugar beet he has also made some experiments, not on a lavish scale, but sufficient to convince him that it might be a profitable crop if a market were made for the roots.

As a man of boundless energy and extraordinarily varied interests Lord Denbigh would be hard

to beat, and it must be a matter of great pleasure to him that his sons inherit his love of sport and also some of his proficiency. They are excellent shots and keen fishermen, and for the last six or eight years they have accompanied him regularly on some sporting trip to Scotland, Ireland, South Uist, Norway, or Germany.

Last spring his second son passed brilliantly out of the *Britannia*, second, in fact, out of sixty-five, carrying off the grand aggregate for highest in all subjects put together. He then joined the *Bacchante* on the Mediterranean station, and, characteristically, his father stowed away in his sea-chest a serviceable sea-rod and a stock of tackle sufficient to empty that still sea of all its remaining fishes.

MR. CLINTON DENT

Those who have travelled in the East are familiar with the sharp dividing line between the mountaineers and the men of the plains. The former are a hardy, fighting race, poor and proud, and a little addicted to plundering their sleeker and more peace-loving brethren of the valleys. Yet each keeps to his own range, and those born and bred at sea-level would no more dream of venturing into the hills than the ostrich would attempt the flight of the eagle. But civilised man is a restless animal. The arboreal habits of his ancestry survive in the schoolboy's love of climbing after birds' nests, and even after he has left school he finds, if so constituted, delight in climbing mountains for the climb's sake. To ascend a high peak for the sake of the view or even for the bodily exercise is intelligible enough to the average understanding, but to climb it, with infinite effort and risks indescribable, merely for the pleasure of standing somewhat higher than the last pioneer, and then to return to lower earth, is an ambition that must belong to a higher intelligence than that possessed by most of us who are not members of the Alpine Club, of which, in 1886, Mr. Clinton Dent was the youngest president ever elected.

His present enthusiasm for mountain-climbing, which passes all else save his enthusiasm for his professional work, was characteristically burnt into him by an attack of snow-blindness on the lower rocks of the Matterhorn, a little above the present hut. This was in September 1864, the year before the famous accident, and there was a thick pall of fresh snow over the Alps, which so affected his eyes that he feels the effect to this day. And he likes it so much, that no more ardent mountaineer ever swung an axe. He takes his mountaineering

seriously. To him it is, like navigation, a difficult game both to learn and to play. The use of the axe has to be acquired like the use of an oar, a bat, or a racquet, and he considers that the highest form, and perhaps also the most neglected form, of the sport is snowcraft.

The Alps kept him busy in his holidays until 1880. During the ten years previous he did a deal of climbing in what are now hackneyed districts of Switzerland, but which in those days were not overrun, overbuilt, and overboomed. From 1873 to 1878 he spent his holidays in the Chamonix district, and it was then that, to his regret, the chief interest of the mountaineering world centred in the possibility of ascending such subsidiary but formidable-looking peaks as the Aiguilles in the Mont Blanc group. This he would probably describe as the acrobatic element of mountaineering, but it certainly attracts to this day a very large number of those who call themselves serious mountaineers.

More famous are his expeditions in the Caucasus, between 1886 and 1895, the best known episode in which was the fatal accident to his companions, Messrs. Donkin and Fox, and their two guides, Streich and Fischer. This was in 1888, and in the following year he organised a search party to ascertain the exact fate which had overtaken them. From what was found there seems to be no doubt that they were all killed on Koshtantau, then known in the atlases as Dych-tau, and Mr. Dent himself has often given it as his firm belief that their bodies will be recovered in six or seven years time at the end of the Tiutiun Glacier. Now and again the mountain spirits take this dreadful revenge, and indeed, from the perusal of two collections of stories

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MR. CLINTON DENT.

of mountain adventure recently published by an intrepid lady, the danger of Mr. Dent's favourite exercise seems to constitute no small part of its attractiveness. He escaped the accident of 1888 by a fortunate attack of Batoum fever, which compelled him to secede from the party, and he has always since been of opinion that the accident would never have happened if he had been with them. Still, though he has up to the present come through many hairbreadth climbs without loss of life or limb, he also has had his joys, as mountaineers reckon joys. One of these may be cited as a fair sample. Three or four years ago he, with two scientific friends, was spending his holiday on Mont Blanc, cheerfully making observations on the effect of high altitudes on the human blood. A blizzard beset them in the Vallot Hut, where they spent great part of a week in an atmosphere composed for the most part of carbonic acid.

On another occasion, while making the first ascent ever accomplished of the Rothhorn from the Zermatt side, he saw an immense slab of rock sliding down at great speed on the party, and indeed it only narrowly missed sweeping Ferdinand Imseng, a famous guide, into eternity. The remarkable knowledge acquired by a mountaineer like Mr. Dent is that he can fearlessly negotiate climbs amid moraine and crevasse which would appal the Swiss folk indigenous to the valleys. In all probability, the average Swiss conception of Paradise would approximate to the comfortable flatness of Norfolk, but for your tried mountaineer there is no elysium like to that of the Alps or Caucasus.

If he were questioned as to his love of sport generally, Mr. Dent would probably wave his hand along the volumes of the "Badminton Library"

—he contributed the major portion of that on "Mountaineering"—excluding only dancing, horse-racing, and the shooting of big game. The last-named has no attraction for him, since he missed every chamois he ever shot at.

Until surgery took up all the time not spent in mountain-climbing, he used to play a deal of cricket, and his special pride was a peculiar twister, with which, it is reported, he to this day gets several wickets in the annual village match. And still, when he has done his work of mercy, as a healer of men, at sea-level, Mr. Dent packs his knapsack, and is away to the realm of the mountain gnomes whenever he can be spared.

MESSRS. R. F. AND H. L. DOHERTY

As demonstrated in the late seventies by the Renshaws and, somewhat later, by the Baddeleys, partnerships between brothers have more than once made for championship in lawn tennis doubles, and the lawn tennis world has during the past few seasons once more been made to accept the same fact by the brothers portrayed on the next page. Though much of their interesting career in the game which they have made their own is necessarily one story, it will be more in keeping with the plan of this volume if their individual performances be briefly considered in order.

Mr. Reginald Frank Doherty, the elder of the two—there is not, as will easily be seen from the photograph, any of the ridiculous resemblance which, more than once, led umpires to mistake one of the Renshaws for the other—was educated at St. Peter's College, Westminster, and Trinity College, Cambridge. His first game was football, in which, though a useful player at school, he never particularly distinguished himself. He also plays both golf and real tennis. It is, however, in lawn tennis that he has won his laurels, and, with one or two small failures to relieve the monotony of a success that would otherwise have been tedious even to his admirers, his career has been one long triumph.

Already at the age of twelve he played in a tournament at Llandudno with an elder brother, one year his senior, the two winning on that occasion the Juvenile Doubles; but it was not perhaps before the year 1892 that he came into prominence as a player in open tournaments. In the following year he attracted considerable attention by winning the handicap singles at both Brighton and East-

bourne, as well as by making a determined, though unsuccessful, fight in the level event against the then invincible W. Baddeley. In 1894, when up at Cambridge, he played against Oxford, and won all his single matches without losing a set, and those who confidently expected that his play and example would do much to improve lawn tennis at the University were not disappointed. It was in that year that he won the Fitzwilliam Purse at Dublin; but his best performance at the time was in the Long Vacation when he, in the Exmouth Tournament Singles, successively defeated Messrs. E. R. Allen, W. Renshaw, H. S. Barlow, and C. G. Allen, losing only three sets throughout. In 1895 he was made President of the C.U.L.T.C., and in the same year he won important matches at Homburg, Baden-Baden, distinguishing himself later at Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo. His crowning success was when, in 1897, he won the Double Event, thereby becoming All England Singles and Doubles Champion; and in 1899 he won the Irish Championship, which he held for three years, or one year less than the period during which he held the Championship of England. In 1901, handicapped by indifferent health, he lost the Singles Championship after winning the first set, but he retained the Doubles Championship with his brother, the two defeating the celebrated American champions, Davis and Ward. In 1902 he lost the Doubles by a few points, being chosen with his brother to represent England against America. The two, who received an enthusiastic reception, succeeded in winning the American Doubles Championship, but unfortunately the matches won by R. F. Doherty from Whitman and Larned (Champion) were not in the International Match, so that the cup was not brought back.

MESSRS. R. F. AND H. L. DOHERTY

Mr. Hugh Lawrence Doherty, the younger brother, was at the same school and college as his brother, and, like him, he plays also real tennis and golf, the latter with some distinction, particularly at Cannes, where he won the prize given by H.I.H. the Grand Duke Michael, and several besides. Many of his successes have necessarily received notice in the course of the foregoing remarks on his brother's play, but he has had some victories on his own account, and he is further distinguished from his brother by a very strong talent for drawing and painting, which, however, he has never cultivated as it deserves. His lawn tennis career dates from the year 1892, when, at Scarborough, he was the winner in the All England Championship for boys under sixteen years of age. During the next year or two his principal successes were made in partnership with his brother, and need not therefore be repeated. He also filled the position of President of the C.U.L.T.C. After, with his brother, defeating the Baddeleys in the Doubles Championship in 1897, he held the championship for five years in succession. Ill-health also interfered with his play, and, as one of the many victims of influenza, he was for some time an absentee at first-class meetings. In 1900 he won the championship at the Ile de Puteaux and Dinard, and in 1902 he went to America, but did not compete in the singles. Since his last victory in June 1903, which gave him the All England Championship for the second time, he also holds the Doubles Championship for the sixth, an almost unique record.

To any one who has any notion of the constant and unremitting practice needed to achieve and retain first place in so exigent a game as lawn

MESSRS. R. F. AND H. L. DOHERTY

tennis, it will hardly come as a surprise that these brothers have no time for other forms of sport. Some folks aspire to a moderate proficiency in many arts; the brothers Doherty are modestly content to be first in one.

THE EARL OF DURHAM

No discussion on the ethics of racing, or on the effectual steps which the Jockey Club has of late years taken to place the sport on a healthy and decent basis, ever proceeds far without Lord Durham's name cropping up; and indeed, since his famous, one might say historic, speech at the Gimcrack dinner in 1887, it may be said that certainly no man in all that illustrious list of stewards has been more wholesomely associated in the public mind with turf reform. Scarcely less certain to attract notice was his determined opposition in the House of Lords to Lord Davey's Betting Bill in 1903, an attitude which must have been largely instrumental in securing the defeat by nine votes of the second reading of a measure which he doubtless, and with good reason, regarded as unnecessarily harsh, palpably impracticable, and undeniably insincere. The racecourse has many detractors, and some of its practices are surely not above criticism. Yet, so long as men of Lord Durham's clear judgment and strength of purpose watch over its conduct, there is no danger at all of its relapsing into the scandalous condition in which he must have found it in the seventies. It was, in fact, in 1874 that Lord Durham was first connected with the turf, though he did not own a racehorse for another seven years, and was not elected to the Jockey Club until the year after that, 1882. During the interval that has since elapsed he has, as may be seen by a glance at the Racing Calendar, taken a leading part in all important reform; and whenever any jockey, British or otherwise, is warned off on account of a proved misdemeanour, we may be sure that Lord Durham was either the prime mover, or, at any rate, an uncompromising advocate of his downfall.

On the course itself his has never been a familiar

figure, though I believe he did once ride and win at Stockbridge. It is, however, in the hunting field that he has ridden most. From the age of five, when, with his twin brother, he was "blooded" by the late Lord Wemyss, who in those days hunted the border country of Northumberland, he has been a regular attendant in the field. His first accident was when, aged eight, he broke his leg by his pony falling back on him; and during his boyhood he hunted in North Durham and North Northumberland.

He was educated at Cheam and Eton, playing cricket at the latter and getting his twenty-two. He was also in those days fond of football. From Eton he proceeded straight to the Coldstream Guards in 1874, remaining with the regiment until his father died in 1879. When on duty, he hunted occasionally with both the Rothschild staghounds and Windsor drag, but his foxhunting was necessarily limited during that period.

Lord Durham is no fisherman, though he has tried his luck as occasion offered. Of shooting, however, he is fond, though of late years his sport has been confined to the pheasant coverts at Lambton and to such deer forests as he has rented in Scotland. In former years, however, he has had big game and other shooting abroad, having killed tigers in India, both in the winter of 1881–82 and last year when over for the Durbar. He has also yachted off the coast of Albania, and there enjoyed excellent woodcock and pig shooting. Indeed, his only protracted trip devoid of shooting was when, in 1886, he travelled through America as far as Vancouver and San Francisco, though, of course, his shorter excursions to Italy, Greece, and Egypt were similarly barren of sport.

CAPTAIN WALTER EDGWORTH-JOHNSTONE

As an exponent of the noble art of self-defence, as a master of the sabre and foils, and as the very genius of a military assault-at-arms, Captain Edgworth-Johnstone stands almost alone; while his book on "Boxing" has been widely read.

His military and athletic records have alike been brilliant, even for an Irishman. In the Expedition to the West Coast of Africa, 1887, he served with such distinction as to be mentioned in despatches and to receive the medal and clasp, honours which again fell to him in another expedition in that region some years later.

His successes in games, and more particularly in boxing and fencing, date both before and since his fighting period. Already more than twenty years ago he for three years in succession represented Dublin University in both cricket and football, subsequently playing, also in both games, for Sandhurst. He was Heavy-Weight Army Champion in 1894, and in the two following years held the Amateur Heavy-Weight of All England Championship. The sabre won him the Royal Military Tournament Challenge Cup (1896 and 1900), and the Amateur Championship (1898 and 1900), in addition to other honours in 1899.

His great success as a boxer is in all probability due to his having early adopted the most modern American methods of both training and fighting. "Fancy" work never attracted him. He went in for hitting power. He worked up the "knock-out" blow with the right hand, using it whenever he got an opening. Little wonder that the other man went down so often! Rapid, accurate and severe hitting was administered on important occasions with such despatch that he

won most of his big bouts in the first round. Only once did an opponent reach the third round; not once did he get through it. This undivided attention to the putting of one's adversary *hors de combat* as quickly as possible is surely better than the worship of that fetish, Style, to which instructors devote so much of their own time and that of the pupils, whom they in consequence turn out clever sparrers and little else.

In his sabre-fencing Captain Edgworth-Johnstone is an ardent disciple of the Masiello (Florentine) School, and in him we see a worthy pupil of a brilliant instructor, Mr. H. B. Foërster, perhaps the finest *sabreur* this country has ever produced.

He still plays a good deal of cricket; and in a match in 1902, playing for the Free Foresters against Lord Dunleith's Eleven, at Ballywater, he proved by far the most useful all-round player in either team. In the first innings of his side he scored 209 out of a total of 255, and in the second he was within three of his 50. When his side was in the field he bowled ten wickets and held five catches, a feat which, in any cricket match, is probably in the nature of a record.

Besides being passionately fond of all kinds of game-shooting, Mr. Edgworth-Johnstone is a very keen dry-fly fisherman, though as yet most of his fish have been caught in Ireland, and he has still to stalk a chalk-stream trout. He cycles and he golfs; and, incidentally, he holds the post of Assistant-Inspector of Gymnasia at Aldershot, a post to which he brings a ripe experience as superintendent and assistant-inspector of more than one military gymnasium during his service in Ireland.

MR. C. B. FRY

THE entire agitation for a wider wicket, which not long ago convulsed the cricket world, threatening to bring the powers at Lord's into momentary clash with general opinion, may possibly be traced to the brilliant scoring of Mr. Fry and a distinguished partner of his triumphs who figures on another page. It is on record that in one season, 1901, Fry made six consecutive centuries, and indeed "another century for Fry" has become an almost trite comment on the evening paper "stop press" news any time these five summers.

As cricketer, footballer, and athlete combined he has not his equal, and those who lament the physical decadence of the age might perhaps be challenged to find his rival, outside the realm of myth, in any other period.

Born in Surrey in 1872, he went to Repton, and there played cricket under the Rev. A. Forman, figuring in the Repton Eleven for four seasons, first under the captaincy of Mr. Lionel Palairet, and for the last two years himself captain.

At Wadham, outside his cricket distinctions, he was senior scholar, and performed the then record long jump of 23 ft. 6½ in.; and a little later, as captain of both cricket and football for the University and President of the O.U.A.C., he wore a triple crown that has been borne by no one else.

Fry made one of his usual centuries in the 'Varsity match at Lord's. Those who are familiar with his name in the Sussex Eleven may not remember that, by the qualification of his birth, at Croydon, this wonderful cricketer played one match in 1891 for Surrey. From 1897 on, however, he has played for Sussex, having previously, in the winter of 1895–96, played in Lord Hawke's team in South Africa, on which tour he headed the batting

averages. In 1899 he played in all the "Test" matches against the Australians.

A careful study of the cricketing annuals of the last five years would probably, in the hands of a competent calculator, reveal a unique number of records. His six consecutive centuries in a season have already been noticed. In 1898, playing at Brighton against Middlesex, he made two centuries (he has since repeated this performance twice), being not out in the second innings. Now and again, it is true, his admirers have been disappointed by a failure to score, but more often it happens that his scoring is so high as almost to call for apology to the bowlers, whom he does more to tire out than most living cricketers.

His cricket, unlike Maclaren's, is the result of untiring practice. Those who have seen him batting in his Hampshire garden, with most of the fielding done by a small dog of fine zeal but doubtful ancestry, are not likely to forget it.

As to his football, he is an International, and has played back both for the Corinthians and for the Southampton team, which was not far from winning the Association Cup three years ago.

He was once asked to row for his College, but he found that he had no time for it. He is one of the keenest of fly-fishermen, very fond of shooting, and partial to a day with hounds. He is passionately fond of horses, yet not blind to the enjoyment of the motor-car recently presented to him by his county.

He is still so young that it is impossible to say what he may or may not do, but those who know how much time he spends in summer on the cricket field marvel at the voluminous writings signed with his name. And now, after his name has for some years been familiar in both the daily press and a

monthly magazine, he has brought out what promises to be the most popular English magazine of sport and outdoor life.

Fry's is the healthy mind in the healthy body; the beautiful balance of action and thought which means as much in the game of life as in the game of cricket. Not very far removed from boyhood in years, he is absolutely a boy at heart—keen, enthusiastic, as willing to learn as to teach. Unbounded outdoor energy is not often accompanied by a passion for learning. When in Rome he rushed about from one sacred ruin to another, anxious to renew as quickly as possible his friendship with his old school classics. One winter in town he spent in great part at the Royal Geographical Society, taking up surveying and the use of the theodolite and sextant, and frequently visiting Battersea Bridge to take new observations. When, again, he wished to learn riding, he stuck to all manner of mounts at the Royal Artillery riding-school in St. John's Wood until he is now a fair horseman, and can look back with equanimity to a certain occasion during a cricketing visit to South Africa on which he put himself on the wrong horse and very nearly rode into eternity. His cricketing zeal is perhaps too well known to need further evidence, but I never knew another man who would practise either cricket, or, for the matter of that, football, more zealously with anybody, in any place, in any weather, or in any temperature.

To write of Fry at all is a temptation to become both enthusiastic and anecdotal, and for neither have I space. Yet it is perhaps worth recalling the fact that within three days of a bad smash when playing for the Corinthians, so bad indeed that his friends feared for his eyesight, he was to

be seen, with a most picturesque black eye, learning as much as he could from Alfred Shaw, and he always admits that he owes the genial Nottingham bowler a great deal. Nor am I minded to forget the circumstances in which he played that brilliant second century last year against Surrey, the power and determination with which, like another Jessop, he smote the bowling in all directions. He had been suddenly roused to active indignation by a conviction that Relf had been given out wrongly.

VISCOUNT GALWAY

If few men have had greater opportunities than Lord Galway of enjoying all manner of sport, fewer still perhaps have made better use of such chances as came their way.

Born rather less than sixty years ago, he inherited from his father, the sixth Viscount, an ardent love of hunting and an enthusiasm in various other sports as well. For years, until, indeed, his father died in 1876, the two went each autumn to the deer forest at Langwell, and the evidence of the splendid sport they had there remains in the fine collection of heads at Serlby. He has, however, excelled in a degree by no means common among men whose chief hobby is fox-hunting, with both larger and smaller game. Few of his contemporaries would care to back themselves against him at a driven partridge coming down wind; and, on the other hand, his own particular sanctum at Serlby is decorated with trophies of tiger, bear, and bison from Cooch Behar. Here, too, a mighty boar surmounted by crossed spears recalls to him merry gallops in the company of that fine sportsman, the Maharajah Pertab Singh.

Lord Galway also throws a good fly, as many salmon have known to their cost when they lay on the banks of more than one river in Scotland, Finland, Norway, and Sweden. He can play a good game on the golf links when in the mood, and most autumns see him on a short holiday at North Berwick.

It is, however, as a hunting man that he is best known to his generation, and his consummate skill and tact in handling his pack is said by those who know to recall the best days of Squire Osbaldestone and Mr. Assheton Smith. He hunts his own hounds four days a week, and, in addition to his wonderful kennel knowledge, he rides as hard as

he did thirty years ago and travels across country with the best.

In addition to his attention to field sports, however, Lord Galway is a busy man with many other calls on his time. As A.D.C. to H.M. the King, and as a member of the Yeomanry Advisory Board at the War Office, he has his duties to perform, besides which, too, he is the Vice-Chairman of the Notts County Council and colonel of that crack yeomanry regiment, the Sherwood Rangers.

The fourteen years during which Viscount Galway sat in the House of Commons for North Notts, before his constituency was divided into four, were a period of hard work, and although after 1876, when the late Viscount died, he hunted his own hounds regularly, he was never absent from any important division, and was always nicknamed the "Stormy Petrel." In 1887 an English peerage was given him, and in 1897 he was made A.D.C. to the late Queen, an honour which has been continued to him by the King.

GENERAL SIR MONTAGU GERARD

When too rapid promotion, the inevitable result of brevets for early war services, condemns a soldier to enforced inactivity in his profession long before he has the desire to be idle, he is to be envied memories of over two hundred tigers and as many bears and panthers. Such a sportsman as Sir Montagu Gerard can always console himself, now that active service is no longer permitted him, with

> "The shadow of glory,
> Dim image of war,"

as some one has called sport.

That the profession of arms and the pursuit of sport go well together these pages give many evidences, but none perhaps more convincing than that afforded by the career of General Gerard. His recently-published journals present such agreeable alternation of field sports and active service, of garrison reminiscence and social functions in many societies, as should disarm the criticism of those who take exception to any endeavour to combine sport and soldiering. His record is proof enough that he never devoted his time to the rifle or boar spear to the prejudice of the sterner duties that belonged to his position in the East. He hunts the Thug and Pathan as merrily as pig or tiger, and of these dangerous brutes he spears the one and shoots the other as unconcernedly as men at home play salmon and shoot snipe. The deliberations of a tent club or the prosecution of a hazardous punitive expedition on the frontiers are both his serious business in their proper season, and we find him now marching on Kabul, now hunting in the anointed company of Hungarian nobles, now skating on the frozen ponds of the Himalaya, now camping in the beautiful cork-woods near Tangier.

SIR MONTAGU GERARD

Entering the Royal Artillery forty years ago, he subsequently served first in the Bengal Staff Corps and then in the Central India Horse, with the latter of which he was connected for five-and-twenty years. Among the many landmarks on the straight road of a brilliant career, on which he rarely halted and never turned back, were the medal and despatches in the Abyssinian War, three mentions in despatches, a medal and the Kandahar star in the Afghan War, and a C.B. and other honours in the Egyptian campaign. He also spent nearly twelve months in disguise, exploring 3000 miles of practically untrodden tracks between the Persian Gulf and Caspian. During that trying period he was the recipient of the dubious hospitality of some of the most lawless of the turbulent Kurdish clans, squatting in oriental fashion with their chieftains, and with them feeding with the fingers from the common platter. A few years later he was appointed Chief of the Staff to the present Czar throughout his Indian tour, at the conclusion of which His Imperial Highness specially invited him as a guest in his further Eastern peregrinations. Later still he served as military attaché at St. Petersburg, and both in Russia and the Carpathians he has bagged specimens of most European big game. He was also British Commissioner in the Pamir boundary delimitation, a work which a single season sufficed to bring to a successful issue, and he was more recently deputed to report on the remount question in both Hungary and Russia. These allusions to his varied and valuable professional services are offered not from any lack of sporting material in his biography, but in case they may help to correct the erroneous impression of those who see incompatibility in proficiency in sport and distinguished public services.

THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY

THE salmon and the trout, the grouse, the driven partridge and the rocketing pheasant are all to Lord Granby's liking, and when none of these are available there is little that pleases him better than sitting in the Pavilion at Lord's and criticising the game.

Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, saw him through the stage which an eminent divine once described as "vealy." He has, since those days, interested himself in Conservative politics, sitting from 1888 to 1895 for a hunting division of Leicestershire, of which county he is now Lord Lieutenant, and acting as principal private secretary to the late Lord Salisbury from 1884 to 1888. In 1896 he was summoned to the House of Lords in his father's Barony of Manners of Haddon.

Perhaps trout-fishing, on which he has written a delightful and instructive volume, is Lord Granby's favourite sport, and even to-day, though he has known its delights these thirty years, he feels as keen when the spring comes round as any younger angler. The Hertfordshire Mimram and the Derbyshire Lathkill have given him his best trout, and have between them taught him all he knows—and that is a large order—of both wet and dry fly. On one evening he had two trout weighing respectively 3¾ and 2½ lbs. out of Lord Dacre's water on the former river, while on the latter he has more than once made baskets of ten or fifteen brace. The Kennet, the Gloucestershire Colne and the Chess have also contributed to his sport with trout, and on the last-named river indeed he had during last year, with a friend, fifty-one trout weighing just over 74 lbs. in two days of fishing, while they put back as many more—a fine record for two

rods. On the whole, I expect that Lord Granby places a really good day with the dry fly above any other form of sport. Certainly he is, though never narrow in his sport, an artist with the rod as with the pen. Not even Mr. Halford, the High Priest of the chalk stream, is a greater stickler for the proprieties, a warmer advocate of the upright-winged invitation to the wariest members of a family which, in such circumstances, unbend only to the proper formalities of a well-timed introduction.

Nevertheless, he has had fine sport with salmon as well. For some twenty years he spent nearly every autumn at Birnam. In those days the Tay was at its best, and wonderful bags of salmon and grilse were made, under ordinarily favourable conditions, on the Murthly, Burnmouth, Isla, Stobhall, and Stanley beats. He had no water of his own, but he had friends who liked their water fished by a good sportsman, and in this way he has probably fished every yard of the Tay from Dunkeld to Perth. When Mr. Barclay Field had the Stobhall and other beats, he must often have seen thirty or forty fine salmon killed in a day to five or six rods. His own best performance on the Stobhall water was when he killed eight fish on one day, averaging over 20 lbs., the largest weighing 31 lbs. On the Murthly water, too, by the kindness of Mr.—now Sir Henry—and Mrs. Graham, and on Benchill, when fished by Sir W. Elliott, he fished with varying luck over a number of seasons. Nor has the Tweed failed him, for one October, fishing with Mr. Greville Douglas at Wark, the two rods killed a score of fish; and another day he himself landed half-a-dozen fish in three-quarters of an hour, fishing the stretch of the Mertoun water above the red bridge at St. Bos-

well's. Two consecutive salmon of his on the "Snipe" cast at Wark weighed 30½ and 29½ lbs.

Of sport with the gun, too, Lord Granby has had his share, and the informing article on grouse and grouse shooting which, some years ago, he contributed to *Badminton Magazine* attracted much attention at the time. Capercailzie, black-cock, snipe, duck and woodcock have all fallen to his gun at Birnam, both when held by Sir John Millais and by Mr. and Mrs. Graham. Since those early days, he has shot on many moors, taking part in grouse drives where seven hundred brace fell to four guns, and more frequently, where from two hundred and fifty to five hundred brace fell to five or six.

He does not, however, find his greatest pleasure in taking part in record drives. The way in which the birds are put over the guns means much more to him than the actual number killed: and as regards partridge driving, perhaps his favourite form of shooting, he has had more enjoyment out of those early January days, with a modest bag of perhaps forty brace to four or five guns, than in assisting at drives with their three hundred and fifty brace to seven. A really tall pheasant, on the same grounds, gives him more enjoyment in the bringing down than a hot corner in which, though the bag is large, the shooting is comparatively easy.

Most of Lord Granby's shooting has been done at home, though in the middle of the seventies he went on a sporting tour in Egypt, then far less overrun by tourists than it is to-day, and secured a fair collection of specimen birds. He is a naturalist as well as a sportsman, and the wild birds interest him fully as much as those reared for his sport.

THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY

In addition to the book on trout-fishing and the article on grouse-driving to which allusion has been made, Lord Granby has written much on sporting subjects in various magazines and papers, and he has all his life taken a keen interest in every aspect of the natural history of these islands.

LORD HAWKE

Of the ethics of professional captaincy in cricket this is assuredly not the place to write, but the arguments in favour of amateur captains receive the strongest support from the contemplation of all that Lord Hawke's knowledge of men and ready tact have done during the past twenty seasons for the Yorkshire County team. He had, previous to 1883, played under Tom Emmett, and it was in the early eighties that the cricket world in general, and the gods who rule in the St. John's Wood Road in particular, began to see the unsatisfactory side of professional captains and the opportunities given to them for sacrificing to purely personal motives the interests of their side. The Yorkshire eleven has had its triumphs and its failures since those days, but its present captain has in all probability keenly enjoyed his position through them all, and with the professionals he is *au mieux*. It is in great measure due to his efforts that the Yorkshire Committee takes such care of its professionals as even to make them thrifty, the benefit moneys being in great part invested so as to bring in four per cent. When a professional gets £3000 from a benefit, it is surely better that two-thirds should be invested for the recipient than that the whole should promptly be squandered to entertain friends. Still, it is difficult to persuade him to talk on the subject, while as to writing—well, more than one sporting editor has been at his wit's end to induce him to write on controversial cricket, but, so far, he has successfully resisted the temptation, if indeed writing can ever offer great temptations to a man whose chief delight is in action. If only this reluctance of his could be overcome, he could delight thousands of readers and do not a little good in the cause of his favourite game, for few men with so much right to an opinion think more emphatically on the many

vexed questions which from time to time come before the dread tribunal at Lord's. He has, as a matter of fact, contributed a couple of widely-read articles to recent numbers of the *Badminton Magazine*, while his denial of the alleged unpopularity of modern cricket in the *Tatler* excited comment throughout the cricket-playing empire. A man who permits himself to write so little necessarily commands attention at every rare relapse into print, and cricketers have therefore read with great interest his Introduction to a recently published history of Yorkshire cricket, in which he relates his almost life-long enthusiasm for the prowess of his county in the great game.

Lord Hawke's famous scores are enrolled in the cricket annuals for the past quarter of a century. Perhaps his favourite performance was his 126 at Taunton, in Yorkshire *v.* Somerset. During his long innings he gave no chance, and to himself this feat was the more gratifying because it followed immediately after "spectacles" at the Oval. The clouds rolled by; the sunshine followed with a vengeance. As recently, however, as 1902 Lord Hawke played a couple of innings of which any living cricketer might be proud. His score against Surrey at the Oval was, on that occasion, curiously enough the same as he made previously at Taunton—126—so that he got home on the Surrey bowling at last. On the other occasion, also in 1902, he was playing for the M.C.C. against Oxford University, and here he went in first, carried his bat, and contributed 107 runs to his side. Under correction, and with none of those wonderful compilations of cricket curiosities handy, from which to refresh my memory, I imagine that for a player to carry his bat right through an innings and also make his century,

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LORD HAWKE

is unusual. In an age in which the spirit of caution has been apparent in first-class matches, such a performance must be increasingly rare, and perhaps we must go back for a parallel to such performers as L. Hall and R. W. Rice.

Cricket, like lawn tennis and some other games, is often a matter of useful partnership quite as much as of individual brilliancy, and in selecting these two or three examples of Lord Hawke's play it would not do to overlook the amazing 148 *for the last wicket* which he and David Hunter put on for Yorks against Kent on the Leeds ground.

Cricket is nowadays Lord Hawke's only game, though at Eton he was captain of football, besides carrying off many of the athletic and running trophies. His only other pastime, in fact, is hunting, and he puts in his four days a week in winter, chiefly with the Bramham Moor.

With the rod he has done little in this country, most of his fishing having been done in India, and at the best of times, and in the most favourable circumstances, he is anything rather than a keen angler. It is doubtful indeed whether most forms of fishing would satisfy his passion for violent exercise. Golf he has not yet taken up, his two hobbies being cricket in summer and hunting in winter.

He is fond of shooting when combined with real hard work, but he regards himself as anything but a first-class shot. The sport of the kind on which he looks back, no doubt, with the greatest pleasure is the big-game shooting in which he took part out in Nepaul. There is at Wighill a remarkably fine bearskin, the original owner of which fell to his rifle; and during that trip he and his friends made two bags of thirteen and nine tigers respectively. Most of his foreign travel—three trips

to India, two to America and South Africa, and one each to Australia and the West Indies—have been for cricket; and he always maintains that there is no more enjoyable way of visiting our possessions over-seas than as a member of a cricket team out from home.

He is as keen a cricketer as this year's Eton captain; he is still on the right side of five-and-forty. And he yet belongs to the Bachelors Club. Truly, the gods smile on some!

SIR JOHN HEATHCOAT-AMORY, BART.

IT would be hard, looking at him and his surroundings to-day, to say whether sport has done more for Sir John Heathcoat-Amory or Sir John Heathcoat-Amory for sport. He is now seventy-five years of age, and he can remember hunting with Sir Walter Carew's fox-hounds in the days of John Beal, a huntsman who worked his hounds without assistance and killed his foxes too, in spite of the big woods and difficult country. Some of his wonderful sporting energy he has latterly deputed to near relations, but when it is mentioned that fox-hounds, harriers, and stag-hounds hunt within a mile or two of his home at Knightshayes Court, and that the fox-hounds are hunted by his brother-in-law, the harriers by his son-in-law, and the stag-hounds by his son, some idea may be formed of the extent to which the neighbourhood is indebted to the family for its sport. Fox-hounds he never hunted himself, considering the country round about more suited to the chase of other quarry, but his harriers he purchased five-and-forty years ago.

His stag-hunting on his own account belongs to a much later period. About the year 1896 the deer about Stoodleigh increased to so alarming an extent that the farmers in the neighbourhood declined to preserve them any longer unless they were systematically hunted. Sir John, therefore, in conjunction with his eldest son, got together a pack to hunt the country south of the Devon and Somerset railway boundary and also to render occasional assistance to the older pack. Since then two new packs have been formed to hunt the stag, the one at Barnstaple and the other for the Quantock country. Numbers of deer are now killed every season, though Sir

John remembers the Exmoor country when only a few could be killed every year for fear of exterminating the herd. Even otter-hunting has at times attracted this indefatigable sportsman, and, although he is, as a keen angler, alive to the damage done by otters to trout and salmon, he has always been careful that they should be killed on his waters in legitimate fashion only.

As a fisherman, he must well remember the golden days of the Exe and Culm, when there was grand sport without any need for conservancy boards. As far back as 1859 he instituted some experiments in salmon-hatching at Bolham. Young salmon in plenty were turned out in the Exe; where they went is a problem yet unsolved. In Scotland he killed many a good fish in the Moriston, Ness, Beaulay, Spey, Spean, and Tay; and for thirteen years he held the fishing of the Eira River, in Norway.

At one time he played real tennis with much enthusiasm and some skill, and he gave valuable assistance to his relative, Mr. Smith Travers, in designing, at Hobart, the first tennis-court built out of Europe.

Sports and games have not taken up all his busy life. As a volunteer, like his father before him, he had a distinguished career, having maintained two rifle ranges on the estate, besides raising and commanding one of the earliest corps formed.

It is common knowledge that he sat for Tiverton from 1868 to 1885, but what may be forgotten is that, much earlier in life, he did all the electioneering for his grandfather, John Heathcoat, who sat for the borough of Tiverton with Lord Palmerston, in opposition to the Walrond influence. Electioneering work in the days of open voting and hustings eloquence was no sinecure.

MR. CHARLES HUTCHINGS

Few outdoor games differ more clearly from billiards than golf, so much so that a man who has been on the links all day is rarely on the spot in the billiard-room the same evening. This makes it the more interesting that so eminent a golfer as Mr. Hutchings should, formerly at any rate, before he almost completely renounced the indoor game, have attained to a proficiency in it which may be indicated by a break of 148, spot-barred. His earlier enthusiasms included both cricket and football, but a bad accident in the latter game soon compelled him to relinquish both, since which time salmon-fishing has been the only serious rival of the game with which we have long since associated his name.

As holder of the amateur championship, he stood down in the 1903 contest, debarred by illness from both games and sport, but throughout his splendid golfing career he bore living witness to the fallacy of the arguments by which amateurs are sometimes disparaged by comparison with professional competitors for championship honours. Mr. Hutchings, however, will bear comparison by the severest standards.

Since he first played at Hoylake in 1881, and became scratch in 1886, then, or thereabouts, winning his first scratch medal, his list of successes has been so long that a bare summary must here suffice, though diligent reference to the files of golfing journals would no doubt enable any one to double it. The Kennard, Hall Blyth, and St. Andrews medals at Hoylake; the town of Pau gold medal and other honours on the same line; the Spring, Bombay, and Jubilee medals at St. Andrews; the Duke of Devonshire's Cup at Buxton—this brings us down to 1894—and the

amateur championship at Hoylake, 1902, by which time he had completed his fifty-third year.

It was in the same year that he played for the International Team, England *v.* Scotland, winning his match by six holes from Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville. During many years of team matches for the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, Mr. Hutchings has been so fortunate as never to lose a match, though two or three were halved.

In the early nineties, in partnership with Mr. J. Ball, jun., who figures elsewhere in these pages, he played many notable foursomes against the late Lieutenant F. G. Tait and others, for the most part with success. His favourite links are St. Andrews, and his most deadly work is done with iron shots of various kinds.

Golf is a jealous mistress, and brooks rivalry only with a very bad grace; but Mr. Hutchings has had the courage, for a little more than fifteen years now, to give some of his devotion to salmon-fishing, chiefly in Scotland but also in other countries, his most successful excursion after salmon being to Russian Lapland in 1899. On his best day he killed thirty-nine fish, weighing 383 lbs., and his friend made an even better bag. Two years later, in 1891, Mr. Hutchings killed, on the Evanger River, in Norway, a splendid fish of 48½ lbs., on a 16-ft. rod and fly, after a terrible struggle lasting three-quarters of an hour, and taking both fish and fisherman a mile below the pool in which the fray began. Such memories of the links and riverside are surely an old-age pension against the day when the clubs and rods must lie untouched in the rack. But Mr. Hutchings has no need to draw on them for many a year yet.

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON

A MAN who at the age of sixteen won the open golf medal on the lonely links of Westward Ho, who then carried off the Amateur Championship and held it the first two years of its existence, and who still retains sufficient of his old skill to prove a very formidable runner up to the best, is a striking contradiction of the common fallacy that golf is the game only of those past middle age. Mr. Hutchinson, in short, is little more than forty years of age, yet a long and distinguished golfing career lies behind him, and in all probability some years of first-class play, if not perhaps of championship honours, lie before.

Yet he is not by any means a man of one hobby. To read his delightful articles on salmon fishing, one would imagine that no other sport or recreation shared his homage with the rod—only as recently as 1903 he took a splendid twenty-six pounder from the Wye—and indeed I suspect that salmon fishing ranks in his opinion highest among all sports. Then, again, he is an accomplished and patient deerstalker, and now and then he writes with such affection of the hill that it would look as if he were never happy unless crawling over fearsome Highland boulders with his eye riveted on some misty glen in front. Nor is this the only form of shooting in which he finds his pleasure, for he is a keen shot at driven game, and, with the birds put over his gun in the most difficult manner, he can for the moment, so his friends say, forget that there ever was such a game as golf. This preference for driven birds is curious if we regard it in the light of heredity, for his father, General W. N. Hutchinson, of the Grenadier Guards, was author of the standard work on Dog-breaking, and it might have been expected perhaps that his son should give his allegiance to the older method.

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON

In spite, however, of his own preferences, one comes back to Mr. Hutchinson as a golfer. His earliest exploit has already been named, and it may be added that he played for Oxford in the inter-university match. In connection with the Open Championship he had one of the hardest pieces of luck that could well have befallen him. The very first year that the competition was made to extend over more than one day, he was first at the end of the first day; that is to say, with a similar performance a year earlier, he would have been Open Champion.

At other games he has not done much, though he won the billiard cue at Oxford, and he also played a good deal of cricket in former days. Indeed, he is still a member of the M.C.C., I. Zingari, and Free Foresters, but his cricket to-day consists in sitting in the pavilion and fighting the old battles over again.

Mr. Hutchinson's literary activity has won him a still larger circle of admirers and friends than his golf. That game and cricket have furnished him with most of his themes, but dreams and other fiction have also been represented in his prolific contributions to modern serial and periodical literature, while of books he must have written or edited at least a dozen during the past ten or fifteen years. An amateur golf champion who took classical honours at Oxford should be a fairly good embodiment of the healthy mind in the healthy body. None who know Mr. Hutchinson would question his right to the title.

THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES

THE poet tells how a certain king won the love of a fairy, which in the end profited him little, by watching a falcon seven days and nights without once closing his eyes. Not with such frivolous intent, but for some more practical reason, it is not difficult to those who know something of his hawking ardour to picture Mr. Lascelles performing such a task with a light heart and unblinking eye. Falconry, that most picturesque of the sporting survivals of the Middle Ages, would seem to have its last temple in these Islands, and assuredly Mr. Lascelles is its High Priest. In its palmy days the sport engaged both temporal monarchs and the princes of the Church, but it is fallen from its high estate. Yet the devoted few still take even its pomp and circumstance very seriously, and the subject of this portrait is the moving spirit of their official body corporate, the Old Hawking Club. To form an idea of the enthusiasm with which he personally looks after the hawks, and has indeed looked after them for the thirty years during which, as successor to the late Clough Newcome, he has managed the club's fortunes, it is necessary to see him on his morning round of the mews at Lyndhurst. Mr. Lascelles is no beginner, for he must have had his first lessons in the art of hawking when only twelve or thirteen years of age, his preceptor being that famous sportsman, Sir Charles Slingsby, who, with his huntsman, was drowned in the Ure. Since serving his apprenticeship, Mr. Lascelles has never been without a trained hawk of some sort, and he must have flown at every quarry provided by these Islands. He has, as already stated, been in charge of the Old Hawking Club and its birds for a considerable period,

and during his tenure there have been several professional falconers and not a few young men successfully trained as such.

There was, however, a sport to which he was entered long before he flew a hawk. Both his grandfather and great-grandfather were Masters of the Bramham Moor hounds, a hunt of which, to the day of his death, his father was also a keen supporter. He probably saw his first run when not more than six years old, and soon after he was blooded by old Charles Treadwell, who was huntsman to the Bramham for a quarter of a century. To this first sport he has been faithful all his life; and even when duty kept him for a few years resident in London, his was a familiar figure with the Whaddon Chase, as well as with Baron Rothschild's staghounds in the vale of Aylesbury, the Bramham, and some other packs.

In 1880 Lord Beaconsfield made him Deputy Surveyor of the New Forest, and most of his hunting and fishing of late years have been conducted in that beautiful district of Hampshire. Though the Forest has lacked the Herne of Windsor or the spectral huntsman of the Schwartzwald, its gaunt old elms have seen wild riders many, and Mr. Lascelles could tell of some good runs. His long and varied experiences of the hunting field stood him in good stead when he came to the new country, and from the first he formed an opinion, which he has since had no reason to modify, that the chase of the wild deer was the form of hunting best suited to that woodland country. He found on his arrival but a scratch establishment of deerhounds, but his efforts and authority have succeeded in placing it on a proper basis, and in enabling it to show wonderful sport over a period of twenty years. His closest association with the

fortunes of the pack was perhaps during the seasons of 1886 and 1887, when, owing to the Master being for the greater part of the time incapacitated, he hunted them. Since those days the services of a professional huntsman have been employed, but again in 1889 and 1900, in the master's absence, Mr. Lascelles performed the duties of master and occasionally carried the horn himself.

All true Yorkshiremen love dogs as well as horses, and Mr. Lascelles is no exception to the rule, for he has been particularly successful with his setters and other gun-dogs. That these should have attracted him is not surprising, for he was always very keen with the gun, and is particularly fond of partridge-driving, of which he well remembers the introduction into the sporting world. His love of retrievers, which dates from a very tender age, was only confirmed by the varied rough shooting of the Forest, where good dogs are essential, and he used both setters and spaniels for retrieving, one or other of the latter having invariably been found good enough to accompany its owner to the very best shoots, and having there held its own with other men's retrievers. Some years ago he used to keep pointers, but he gave them up for setters, finding these better suited alike to the Forest shooting and to the work done with hawks. It was in 1901 that he first ran his setters in public. Charles Frost, now well known as a breaker, was born and bred in Mr. Lascelles' establishment, his father being employed there, and to him were entrusted some young setters. So successful was Frost with these that they "got into the money" at almost every meeting held in 1901 and 1902, while Dora of Lyndhurst won the all-aged stake at the Setter Club meeting, and the brace stake with her brother Dart at Glanllyn, and was placed

third to him in the all-aged stake at the same meeting, which Dart won outright. The brace were, in fact, first, second, or third in every brace stake run in public in 1902.

As a fisherman Mr. Lascelles has also played his part, having killed his four Tweed salmon, one of them weighing 31 lbs., in a day, though latterly, with a few visits to Norway thrown in, most of his fishing has been in the Test or Avon, almost at his own door.

In fact, he would not despise a day's ratting, and for so versatile a sportsman the close seasons have no menace. When he may no longer hunt, there are the trout; and when these, too, are sacred, there are stubbles and coverts. The hawks are full of interest all the year round. He is a most ardent otter hunter, and may generally be seen out with Mr. Courtenay Tracy's hounds. He would think the particular sport which for the moment engrossed him better than all other sports. That way lies contentment.

THE EARL OF LONSDALE

Few families in England, certainly none on that borderland which separates it from the North Country, can boast sporting traditions quite equal to those of the Lowthers, and it would be trite to attempt any description of the splendid style in which Hugh Cecil Lowther, 5th Earl of Lonsdale, has upheld the family reputation. Whether in the hunting field or in the grouse butts, in pursuit of the big game of India or the Rocky Mountains, or at the meets of the Four-in-Hand Club, with the boxing gloves or otter-pole, on the cricket pitch or on the fastest racing yacht of her day, he has always been the right man in the right place. Someone has said that Lord Lonsdale invariably does things about twice as well as other men with double his income, and that, in these days of general depression, is a great tribute to his judgment.

He was born in 1857 and he went to Eton, where he did a good deal of rowing and played some cricket. Horses, however, were perhaps his earliest joy, and he was blooded in the hunting field when seven years old, while at ten years of age he had already driven a team and ridden gallops and trials. His historic wager with Lord Shrewsbury, who failed to come up to the scratch and paid forfeit, in fulfilment of which he drove single, pair, and four-in-hand and rode postillion over twenty miles in 55 minutes 35⅘ seconds, has been so frequently related with more or less picturesqueness that this mention may here suffice. He has long been one of the leading members of the Four-in-Hand Club, and he has hunted with all the best packs, having in turn mastered the Pytchley, the Blankney, and the Quorn. The one drawback to his taking over hounds is that, when he resigns, it is a sore trial, as a rule, to his successor to do the thing in the same style. He used at one time to

do a great deal of steeplechasing, having in his time won the Rutland Welter Drag Hunt Cup at Newmarket, the longest race that has taken place in England; but he has long since given up this form of sport, as he never rides less than 12.7, and has always been amongst the heavy weights in the hunting field, riding nearly seventeen stone. What would, above even his horsemanship, his knowledge of hounds, and even his magnificent scale of hunting a country, always endear the memory of Lord Lonsdale to the shires is his thoughtful solicitude for the farming interest. He always realises that a master has duties to the farmers as well as to the members of the hunt. He it was who instituted free advertisement for forage in the Melton papers, giving the men by whose hospitality alone hunting is possible some chance of deriving benefit from the sport. This thought for the farmer distinguishes Lord Lonsdale from some masters and from more who follow them.

If there is another sport that he puts on a level with fox-hunting, it is big game shooting, for he is a man who finds equal enjoyment in the comfort of a perfectly-appointed hunting field or in the rough and tumble hardship of a log hut on the confines of civilisation. He has shot in the United States, Canada, Alaska, India, the Malay Peninsula, Burmah, China, Ceylon, and Switzerland. His two expeditions to India, in 1889 and 1903, resulted in fine bags of tiger, elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, bison, bear, leopard, and various deer. America gave him four species of bears, in addition to the famous kadiack bear of Alaska; also moose, wapiti, cariboo, three sorts of mountain sheep, goats and musk-ox, one of the last-named having been presented by him to the British Museum, the first, I believe, added to the national collection.

His shooting at home has been in the main confined to deerstalking and grouse, the grouse-drives at Lowther, in which both the German Emperor and Crown Prince have so often taken part, being celebrated for the admirable manner in which the birds are shown in spite of the difficulties of undulating ground. Another sport at Lowther is otter-hunting, and Lord Lonsdale, when at home, hunts regularly every summer. He also takes the greatest interest in the sheep-dog trials which evoke so much enthusiasm in the men of the fells, and gives every encouragement to this form of sport, both in the Park at Lowther and elsewhere on the countryside. Coursing with lurchers is another favourite sport, when not hunting, at both Barley Thorpe and Lowther, and one of which he has made long and careful study.

Further, he is equally in his element on the water, for, besides having done a deal of rowing, he directed the sailing of the German Emperor's *Meteor II.* with a success that is chronicled in the annals of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Of that Club, as also of the Royal Portsmouth, Royal Southampton, Thames, Dorset, Royal Victoria, and Royal Corinthian, he is a prominent member, and his enthusiasm for yachting and for the promotion of the best interests of the sport, would, to any one listening to him discussing the subject, suggest that he had no other recreation.

There is one more branch of sport in which Lord Lonsdale excels in so extraordinary a degree that the only way of avoiding any temptation to enlarge upon it beyond the allotted limit of space was to leave it to the last; and this is the one form of athletic competition in which a man must rely on his own natural resources of hand and eye. Neither gun nor horse nor rod nor bat help the

boxer. The gloves, indeed, handicap him rather than otherwise. Those who would care to stand up to Lord Lonsdale at the present day do not include the present humble chronicler of his prowess. In the days when he gave the sporting public such masters as Peter Jackson and Dickson, the latter of whom was trained at Barley Thorpe, he could, it is said, hold his own with all the best professionals.

In short, he seems to have gone in for every sport and for most games. Whether he plays golf and croquet I know not; if not, then it is because every spare moment of a busy life is required for more vigorous exercise.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN

When a man makes a mannerism of grumbling, with the assistance of a very dry humour, it is on the cards that he will be popular with his intimates and the reverse with the rest of his acquaintance; and it is perhaps this unvarying attitude of Mr. Maclaren's that has contributed to the general tendency to overlook the fact that he is probably, on the field at any rate, the finest strategical cricket captain now living. With no unfairness to other brilliant captains whose portraits are to be found in this book, it may be questioned whether any of them make, at a pinch, quite such scientific use of the material at their disposal for getting the other side out. There are, in fact, two Maclarens on the ground. The one plays his cricket as a kind of athletic chess, grasping the condition of wicket and weather almost ere he has left the pavilion, and moving his men, down to the smallest pawn, with consummate resource. The other, the cricketer pure and simple, is one of the most magnificent bats that the present generation has the opportunity of watching—a beautiful player; quick on his feet as a cat; ready with his wrist-play as a fencer; a fine all-round judge of the game, and a dangerous man on either a winning or losing side. It is said that, once in form, he never practises. This, while at once differentiating between him and such painstaking workers as Fry and Ranjitsinhji, is by no means equivalent to comparing him with the poet who is born and not made, for a long and arduous cricket education, seconded by quite unusual natural advantages, lies behind his present successes. Nor does he abstain from practice through any slackness. But, on the contrary, he believes that too much practice spoils his play.

Unlike most of our great cricketers, Mr. Maclaren has no marked proficiency in any other game. If

he has another passion, it is coursing; and his keenness in looking after his greyhounds at Basingstoke is probably equal to any enthusiasm that he has ever felt for cricket. It may be indeed that the recreation hidden from the inquisitorial public eye has the warmer corner in his heart.

Of his cricketing achievements, which date back to the early forming of his style at Elstree, we need only recall such remarkable performances as his two innings of over 50 against Eton in 1887 and his innings of 76 three years later, on which occasion he captained the Harrow team. He played his first match for Lancashire (against Sussex) in 1890, and the Brighton ground was so kind to him that he made a little over his century, rather an unusual achievement for one who had not before played in county cricket. What is probably the record individual score in first-class county cricket was his 424 against Somerset five years later. Of his meetings with Australian teams, as both batsman and captain, his memories are not indeed all of unqualified successes, but his 88 not out at Lord's in 1899, and more than one very fine performance on the occasion of Stoddart's second visit to the Colonies—the present writer well remembers a glorious afternoon on the Melbourne ground—will always do much to soften old regrets. Of his cricket more has been said than of that of some among his contemporaries who are associated with him in these pages, but in truth, with the exception of his coursing, of which the public knows nothing and even his friends see little, he is not conspicuous in any other field. This, according to the point of view, makes him either more or less interesting than his fellows.

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SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.

In this brief descriptive tour of a gallery of sportsmen the biographer is in some measure restricted in his choice of standpoint, and such limitation is indeed of assistance in dealing with Sir Herbert Maxwell, for he has played, and is playing, so many parts that there might otherwise be a difficulty in assigning the rôle in which historians of the present times will eventually place this indefatigable sportsman, statesman, litterateur, and journalist. When a man has, apparently without effort, represented one county in the House of Commons for a quarter of a century without interruption, and when during that period of political activity he has produced delightful books of sport, topography, criticism, and what not by the shelf, and magazine and newspaper articles by the thousand, his admiring, but somewhat breathless chronicler may fairly claim to be a little exercised.

That he should indeed find time for any form of recreation whatever must rouse wonder in any one with an even superficial acquaintance with all his political work, with the amount and length of labour that he has devoted to Royal Commissions and Parliamentary Committees, of which, with his genius for organising and classifying, he is an ideal chairman. In a widely different connection they find him—since so good a sportsman naturally has an abhorrence of wasteful slaughter—interesting himself closely and in a practical manner in the work of the various societies and movements for the protection of birds and other wild fauna. They read his articles almost weekly in the papers and almost monthly in the reviews; they see announcements of his books continually staring at them from the publishers' spring and autumn lists; and they

marvel how one who seems inevitably a bookworm should ever walk the coverts with his gun on his shoulder or crouch beside the pool in which a trout or salmon is lazily rising to the fly.

Probably, indeed, the laird of Monreith has given less and less of his time to sport of recent years. There were few keener shots than he when young, and the owner of such magnificent partridge ground as is to be found in the sixteen or seventeen thousand acres of the Monreith estate, perhaps the finest partridge ground in North Britain, might in other circumstances have spent more time in the stubbles and less in the library. But, as he would sorrowfully admit, most of Monreith had, like so many other Scottish estates, to be let, and for the last ten or fifteen years its owner has done little shooting other than deerstalking in the Highlands.

The mention of Monreith recalls an interesting sporting fixture enacted there at a period considerably anterior to the birth of the present baronet, who is only in his fifty-ninth year. This was the famous two days' shooting match between England and Scotland in 1836, in which Scotland's representative, Lord Kennedy, shot at Monreith.

As a somewhat later Monreith record it may be mentioned that the bag of partridges for the seasons of 1894–95 and 1895–96 topped four thousand head both years.

Though a fine shot in his day, and still a most assiduous deerstalker, salmon fishing, Sir Herbert Maxwell's first love, bids fair to be his last, and his views, which many regard as heterodox, on the subject of colour in salmon flies are too well known to anglers to need more than passing reference. What must also be remarked is his exclusive devotion to the method of fly-fishing, for, while he finds no amusement in catching fish with spinning baits, he

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SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.

has a lively prejudice against both prawn and worm. A long and successful angling career has, as might be expected, not lacked its remarkable experiences, and most of these, down to 1897, are related in his admirable volume on "Salmon and Sea Trout." His most exciting time was probably spent on the banks of the North Tyne in the autumn of 1872, when, in four days and a half, he killed no fewer than forty-six salmon and grilse with an aggregate weight of 561 lbs. As likely to interest anglers with a taste for statistics, he has kindly furnished a more detailed analysis of these wonderful five days than that given in the volume referred to, and it is as follows :—

October	5,	1872 . .	14	fish, weighing	180	lbs.
"	7	" . .	8	" "	75	"
"	8	" . .	6	" "	77	"
"	14	" . .	12	" "	141	"
"	15	" (till 1 P.M.)	6	" "	88	"
		Total .	46		561	lbs.

With the games, in which once he took such delight, his public and literary work has interfered still more effectually than with his sport. He played golf long before it became fashionable in the south country. Curling, too, he played from boyhood, but the short spells of frost that have marked recent winters have almost invariably found him in his seat at Westminster or at his desk in the library, and it is long since he found himself free to follow such a game day by day.

Though few of his many-sided literary labours are associated with sport, this sketch would be incomplete without some allusion to them. His sporting writings, indeed, with the exception of the aforementioned work on salmon fishing, have been for the most part contributed to encyclopædias and

magazines, but some charming sketches of angling and other sport will be found in his "Memories of the Months," two volumes which have earned the flattery of imitation. Perhaps his most important literary achievement has so far been the "Life of the Duke of Wellington," a fascinating piece of hero worship; and he has also published an extraordinary collection of books on Scottish topography, on the history of some notable Scottish families, and on the books of his choice, while a popular history of the late Queen and two or three works of fiction have made him friends and admirers out of a wider public.

Such an amazing combination of author and sportsman is but one more witness to the absurdity of that jealous rancour with which a great countryman of his own would have debarred sporting men from daring to trespass on the fields of literature.

MR. ROBERT MAXWELL

From the time of his leaving Eton Mr. Maxwell has played serious golf, and as he is only twenty-eight years of age now, a glance at his achievements will show that he has not lost much time. Standing over six feet, and broad in proportion, he is always a conspicuous figure at Championship meetings, nor does his play disappoint the gallery attracted by his physique.

The first real competition in which he took part was that for the Tantallon Spring Medal in 1897, where he won the handicap medal from scratch. The same year he entered for the Amateur Championship at Muirfield, to be beaten by Mr. Robb in the fifth round. The rest of that year and part of the next he was away in Australia, but in 1899 he was again playing in the Championship meeting, and this time it was Mr. J. Ball, whose portrait appears elsewhere, who beat him at the nineteenth hole. He was indefatigable in his struggle for the Amateur Championship. In 1900, after he had carried off the St. George's Vase, Mr. H. H. Hilton beat him at Sandwich. In 1901 he did not play; but in 1902 he was again beaten, this time by Mr. S. H. Fry, at Hoylake, but not till the semi-final round had been reached and he had, in earlier rounds, defeated Messrs. Ball, Pease, and Fergusson. In the Open Championship meeting, also held at Hoylake a few weeks later, Mr. Maxwell finished fourth, only four behind the Champion and one behind Braid and H. Vardon. At last came victory, for he won the Amateur Championship at Muirfield in 1903.

He is Captain of the Tantallon Golf Club, and is also a member of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews, and the Huntercombe, but he plays chiefly at North Berwick and Muirfield.

The only other sport in which he takes any part is shooting, and it is worth noting that he shoots off the left shoulder. For some years he shot with a gun with left-hand cast off; but of late, finding his right eye the master eye, he has experimented with a gun cast across. He is fond of a rough day's shooting, but his favourite bird is the grouse. He has been heard to describe himself as a bad shot, with an adverb before the "bad." If this be true, and not mere modesty, it is remarkable that one who golfs with such precision should be found wanting in the grouse butts.

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MR. JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS

A MAN who has walked three times round the coasts of Scotland and collected birds from the Orkneys unto Iceland will always be chiefly associated with the triumphs of shore-shooting, and of these Mr. Millais has had his share. Beyond this homely sport, however, he has shot as much big game as falls to the rifles of most men. From his catapult days at Marlborough College, when he shot with that silent and deadly weapon upwards of four hundred specimens of small birds, to his last jaunt after Newfoundland caribou in the footsteps of his friend, F. C. Selous, he has bagged trophies since he was nine years of age, and now he is eight and thirty. From Algeria to Cape Colony, from Norway to the Rockies, from Canada to Iceland, north, south, east, west, he has enriched his wonderful collection, in which the Great Grey Seal of the cold seas, the elk and wild reindeer of Scandinavia, the bear, wapiti, red and roe deer and caribou are housed with birds in every stage of plumage.

There is something peculiarly characteristic in the manner in which Mr. Millais both executed and spent the fruits of his first artistic commission, the drawing of twenty-eight studies for the late Henry Seebohm's monograph on the *Charadriidæ*. He was nineteen years old at the time, and he made his drawings in a leaky Government tent when out with the Somerset Militia in the Blagdon Hills, near Taunton. Having successfully acquitted himself of this difficult task, he spent his honorarium and militia pay on a trip to the Rocky Mountains, on which occasion he shot wapiti, mule-deer, white-tailed deer, and antelopes, and lost an enormous grizzly bear.

Few of his many expeditions have failed of their object, though in 1897 the French autho-

rities were so solicitous of his safety as to frustrate an attempt to shoot addax in the Northern Sahara, from Ain Sefra. Nor was he altogether successful in 1902 in the northern parts of Canada, though he eventually bagged two bull moose in Quebec.

Mr. Millais served for a few years in the regular army. From 1887 to 1891 he was in the 1st Battalion of the Seaforths, but so keen a wanderer could not be expected to take kindly to the monotonous routine of barrack life, and, much to the annoyance of his distinguished father, he left as senior subaltern after only a few years' service.

As one of those rarely blest individuals who can both write and illustrate books, this versatile sportsman has, during the past ten or twelve years, contrived an ideal combination of making the proceeds of each book pay the expenses of the next trip. Thus, his excellent volume on "Game Birds and Shooting Sketches" paid for that extended trip in 1893 to the Free State, Transvaal and Eastern Mashonaland, which resulted in his famous volume "A Breath from the Veldt." His equally popular work on "British Deer and their Horns" embodied the results of ten years of deer-stalking from 1887 to 1897.

It is only, indeed, by exceedingly careful and conscientious study of a subject in all its aspects that Millais is able to produce the work he does. As another case in point, having before him, then at an indefinite date, the publication of a work on "British Surface-feeding Ducks," he was not satisfied, as many would have been, with studying that remarkable group of water-fowl during their sojourn in these islands, but he must needs proceed, in 1892, to Iceland in order that he might investigate their breeding haunts and nesting habits on the spot. During that expedition, he must have

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MR. J. G. MILLAIS.

covered some nine hundred miles of what was practically unexplored country on ponies. Another literary result of his unique knowledge of duck-shooting is found in that beautifully illustrated work, "The Wild-fowler in Scotland." Yet, of all his books, there is no doubt that most of his enthusiasm went into the Life of his father, which he undertook at the request of the family.

Account has so far been taken of J. G. Millais as traveller, gunner and author. His artistic work is sufficiently well known to both the general public and such editors and publishers as continually have reason to regret that so much of his labour is monopolised by his own volumes.

If he were not so well known as a shooting man, he would be remarkable as an angler. Familiar with most of Scotland's salmon waters, it is the Tay which has given him his best sport, and he could boast, if he wanted to, that he has, with the exception of two casts, fished every yard of that romantic river from Loch Tay to the tidal waters below Perth. Between 1883 and 1892 his father rented Murthly and its fishing, and here he had some red-letter days. Three of these, for instance, in September 1889, gave him eight, seven, and seven fish respectively, the fish on the first two averaging twenty-one pounds. His greatest triumph with the rod, however, was the killing of a splendid forty-six-pounder after a determined struggle that lasted two hours and a half. This battle royal was waged on the afternoon of October 10th, 1890, and earlier that same day he had already killed two other trifling fish of twenty-three pounds and twenty-five pounds. Another fine fish, of thirty-five pounds, was killed by him on Stobhall, in August 1892, and he has grassed several of thirty pounds. It was a thirty-four-pounder, how-

ever, which gave him the most thrilling experience of his angling days, for he foul-hooked it in the front fin at 1.30 on an October afternoon in 1890, and finally, after having been pulled into swift water up to his neck, and then having had to follow at breakneck pace down three miles of an uneven bank, it was landed in pitch darkness at 8.30 that evening.

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war!"

MR. G. MILLER

Polo in this country has so short a season that some regard it rather as off-season training for hunting-men. It is not therefore surprising to find that so great a polo player as Mr. Miller sometimes spends his winters in India, or that, during his stay in that country, he hunts and sticks pig. The strenuous life has more fascination perhaps for the winter visitor to India than for those compelled to reside there throughout the year, but at any rate I have heard it said that on one occasion Mr. Miller hunted the hounds before breakfast and killed a jackal; then went pig-sticking after breakfast and, with two other spears, killed three good boar; thence rode straight to the polo ground and played a match, and all within three miles of the bungalow in which he was staying. He still counts the most sporting day of his life that on which he was out with four other spears, and the party killed nine large boar before two in the afternoon.

He is, indeed, an all round sportsman, being keenly fond of shooting—particularly stalking—and fishing. He has killed good salmon in the North Esk and brave stags on the Morar and Meoble forests, while, during ten days of tiger shooting in Nepaul, he was so lucky as to bag a very fine tiger.

It is, however, of his polo that his contemporaries think most, and it might surprise some of them to know that he had never bought a polo pony previous to the year 1891, when he took Spring Hill, Rugby, and, in the face of many difficulties, started the Rugby Polo Club. Support was at first not to be counted on, though he was lucky in getting that of Major Beatty, who now trains horses at Newmarket, and also of Major Beech. Railway enterprise at once thwarted his

old efforts and stimulated him to new, for the Great Central cut through his first polo ground at Rugby, and compelled the laying out of two new ones in every way superior to the old. In 1896 Mr. Miller went to Ranelagh to assist his brother, taking his place as polo manager during his absence in South Africa; and at the end of 1901, when one brother had returned from Africa and another from India, the three obtained the Grove House lease and started the new Roehampton Club.

As a player Mr. Miller has a brilliant record. Since 1897 he has won five champion cups; he also won the Ranelagh open cup in 1897 and 1901; the Irish open cup in 1897, 1898, and 1901, the only three occasions on which he competed; the social clubs tournament in 1897 and 1903; the county cup in 1895; the public schools cup in 1901 and 1902; and the Rugby tournament in 1893, 1896, 1900 and 1902. Some gaps in his career of activity are accounted for by a broken collar-bone in 1900 and a severe fall two years later, both of which put a stop to his play for some time. He also captained the English team in the last two American matches, in 1902, winning on both occasions, by 6 goals to 1 and 7 to 1 respectively.

Since his devotion to polo it is not surprising that Mr. Miller has found time for no other game. At Cheam, Marlborough, and Trinity College, Cambridge, he played cricket, representing his public school on one occasion against Rugby in the match at Lord's. At Cambridge he played cricket and ran with the Trinity foot-beagles, after which he spent three years in an office in the City, getting neither health nor money out of so uncongenial an occupation.

MR. C. R. MULLINGS

Of all the many water sports associated with competitions and championships none is perhaps more characteristic of the Thames than punting, and apparently punting is so fascinating a pursuit that Mr. Mullings would, if asked, have no hesitation in saying that it furnishes all his amusement. At no other sport does this champion punter excel. He has never played either cricket or football in first-class fixtures. He has tried his hand at most other sports, not merely, as one would expect, rowing and sculling, but also riding, shooting, and boxing.

A busy life, however, even at the age of five-and-twenty, leaves him little leisure all the summer for any recreation other than that he represents in this collection. What he does in winter it would be difficult to say: perhaps plays golf and smokes and takes an occasional round with the gloves.

Living, like another famous ex-champion punter, on the Taplow reach of the Thames, he was naturally attracted by punting at an early age, and for instructor he was so fortunate as to secure the services of Abel Beasley of Oxford, perhaps the finest punter who ever poled his way over Thames gravel.

He started racing at the age of seventeen, being beaten for the Championship in 1899 by N. M. Cohen, since which he has been victorious without exception.

The annual race for the Championship is held under the auspices of the Thames Punting Club at Shepperton, and on that reach Mr. Mullings puts in a fortnight's hard practice each year immediately before the event.

The punts have altered more than the men. There is something recognisable in the physique

of a champion puntsman, but the craft have been narrowed beyond recognition, fourteen or fifteen inches being a common width in the latest models, though, as in sculling, the boat must be built with due regard to the weight of the man who is to occupy it.

Mr. Mullings has established a record by winning the Championship four years in succession. Mr. W. H. Grenfell, a near neighbour of the present champion, may, however, be said to have run him close, for he is said to have resigned after holding it for three successive years. Mr. Mullings prefers to retain his honours until some other shall wrest them. With one of Shakespeare's characters he says:

"Let there be some more test made of my metal."

LORD NEWLANDS

PRESUMABLY Lord Newlands is the senior whip actually driving to-day. That he is one of the best of living whips is recognised without question. Born in the year 1825, William Wallace Hozier, Lord Newlands of Newlands and Barrowfield in the county of the City of Glasgow and of Mauldslie Castle in the county of Lanark, married in 1849. His wife, a daughter of the late Mr. O'Hara of Raheen, County Galway, died in 1891, leaving an only son, the Hon. James Hozier, M.P. for South Lanarkshire since 1886, and three daughters, two of whom are Lady Baird and Lady Lamington. Lord Newlands served for a considerable period in the Royal Scots Greys, and, taking a deep interest in the Volunteer movement, he was, on leaving the army, appointed the first Colonel Commandant of the 4th Administrative Battalion Lanarkshire Volunteers, also serving for many years as Captain and Adjutant in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry. Convener of the county of Lanark from 1875 to 1892, and Chairman of the first Lanarkshire County Council, he retired in 1892 and was on that occasion presented with his portrait by the county, the artist being Sir George Bird, President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Lord Newlands is still Convener of the Commissioners of Supply, as well as Vice-Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace of Lanarkshire. He was created a Baronet in 1890, and in 1898 Queen Victoria raised him to the Peerage.

Turning from this summary of a long and useful career in his own county to some consideration of his sporting tastes, we find that his interests have been as various in play as in work. Coaching and four-in-hand driving survive the earlier objects of his devotion, and he is a member of the London Four-in-Hand Club, and President not only

of the London Coaching Club, but also of the Lanarkshire Four-in-Hand Club, founded by himself in 1887 and the only four-in-hand driving club outside London. His excellent workmanlike teams of dark browns are a conspicuous feature of all the principal meetings.

Among the other sports which earlier engrossed his leisure must be reckoned cycling, in which he was among the pioneers, rifle-shooting and yachting. He was an expert rifle-shot with both the Snider and small-bore long-range match rifle, and many a prize he carried off at Wimbledon in the sixties and seventies of the last century. His son was also a prize-winner at the butts, and, with Lord Cloncurry and the late Mr. Randal Plunkett, M.P., they won prizes, not only at Wimbledon, but also at the Inverness and other rifle meetings.

As a yachting man Lord Newlands was also an enthusiast. Not for him was the transient excitement of racing, but he cruised in all weathers, and his intimate knowledge of the channels and currents of the west coast of Scotland enabled him to navigate his own craft in those waters in days before yachting was made easy by the admirable charts now available. A favourite run of his was in those days across to the Irish coast or down to England. So keen indeed was his enthusiasm that he once designed, and with his own hands built, a small yacht of about five tons, which he used to sail alternately with his larger yacht. When a man in his eightieth year can still handle a team of coach-horses, he defies the dictum of Plautus that

Non omnis aetas ludo convenit.

Sportsmen like Lord Newlands are of the immortals.

MR. J. OTHO PAGET

Mr. Paget may fairly be regarded as the exception to the rule that sailors are poor horsemen. True, he had done with the sea and its elusive joys before he was twenty; still, an old "Conway" boy who, after spending two years in the Merchant Service, has hunted regularly every season since 1880–81 is certainly entitled to rank among the few seamen who have distinguished themselves in the saddle. He is at heart an Esau, and for him the term "hunting for the pot" has no reproach, for he considers that the needs of the larder should be the chief inducement to hunt wild animals, though whether he applies this to his fox-hunting I have not inquired. At any rate he set himself to work to make foot-beagling a popular sport in a very conservative part of England, and, in face of innumerable difficulties, he has so well succeeded that the farmers in his neighbourhood are not merely keen about the sport, but also take the greatest interest in the pack, with the result that he finds no difficulty about walks for the puppies. His pack was, as he would admit, not much to look at in its early days, but by dint of judicious buying and breeding, he has done wonders for it, so that at the 1903 Peterboro Show the Thorpe Satchville beagles took two first prizes as well as the champion cup for the best three couples. Experience has changed his ideals, and whereas his first ambition was for a 14-inch pack, he has gradually reduced the size, and now admits nothing over 12½ inches. As a sample of the sport which he is able to show, it may be mentioned that, hunting two days a week through last season, he killed fourteen brace of hares.

Hunting men edit Beckford as readily and inevitably as naturalists edit White or anglers Walton, and Mr. Paget is responsible for his

edition of the great hunting classic, as well as for a volume on his favourite sport in Lord Granby's "Haddon Hall Library" and a book on horses in another series particularly designed for young sportsmen. It is, however, in the field of journalism that he has done most of his work with the pen. The hunting correspondent dates back to, at any rate, Mr. Apperley, and in this capacity Mr. Paget was early entered to a long and honourable term of service. Starting in 1882–83 on the staff of "Bell's Life," he transferred his energies during the following season to "The County Gentleman," and, after a respite in 1885–86, during which he hunted much and wrote little, Mr. Walsh offered him the vacant post of hunting correspondent to "The Field," a position he has filled ever since.

Whether in the saddle or on foot, Mr. Paget is keen, and in his optimism lies the secret of his successes. He will tell his friends that, although not in the enjoyment of sufficient means to allow of his indulging his somewhat expensive tastes in old furniture and other beautiful things, he lives every moment of his life, hunting his four days a week with the foxhounds in winter and walking other two with beagles, doing the literary work that he sets his hand to, and always ready for an evening rubber of bridge. He farms nearly four hundred acres and breeds a few thoroughbred horses; and, though he has few opportunities of enjoying these sports, both fishing and shooting attract him.

Add to the foregoing notes that Mr. Paget is six years on the sunny side of fifty, and that he has all his life been a total abstainer, and it will be admitted that there are less enviable men in the world.

MAJOR R. M. POORE

It is commonly said that no game can be learnt from books, but those who know him best say that Major Poore, one of the many soldiers who have played for Hampshire, studied the "Badminton" cricket volume when in India as he would have studied a cavalry text-book. More than one characteristic attitude of his in the cricket field is too obviously modelled on the photographs of an eminent veteran to escape the critical eye, though he has one extraordinary style of raising the bat peculiarly his own.

His school was Cheam, and thence he passed by the usual routes into the army. During his service in India he played a good deal of cricket against Parsee and other teams, and in 1895 he went out to South Africa for the first time with the 7th Hussars, playing during that time for Natal against Lord Hawke's team and twice scoring centuries. After his return to this country in 1898 he first played first-class cricket, and his success took the cricket world by surprise. Yet there was nothing amazing in the performances of a man who took his cricket so seriously, particularly as he stands 6 feet 4 inches, and has a reach given to few. Still, three centuries in succession, and two of them in one match, furnished the compilers of cricket statistics with new material. Further exercise for their ingenuity was furnished by the way in which he headed the batting averages in 1898 with the extraordinary average of 91.4, playing twenty-one innings and scoring over 1500, his best being 304.

That was indeed his *Annus Mirabilis*, for that same season he not only won the shield for best man-at-arms in the Military Tournament, a distinction repeated the following year, but also hit the winning goal in the final tie of the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham.

All this has, as might be expected, made him immensely popular with his regiment, and indeed his military record alone is something to be proud of. In 1896 he served in Matabeleland under Sir F. Carrington, and in the following year in Mashonaland under Sir R. Martin, and was mentioned in despatches, besides getting the medal and clasp. During the South African Campaign he served from 1899 to the end of the war on Headquarter Staff (three times mentioned in despatches, D.S.O. medal six clasps, king's medal two clasps). Consequently, his cricketing days were over for the moment, for he did not return home until the season of 1902 was well advanced, and he re-embarked for South Africa during the first week of 1903.

Of his polo much might be written. His great height and length of leg always make him a conspicuous figure on a polo pony, but his seat on horseback is, in fact, almost perfect, and that alone is no bad introduction to athletics.

He is one of the four directors of that interesting social settlement at Winterslow, of which his father, Major R. Poore, was the originator, and is still the chairman. It would be interesting, were this the right place, to give some account of this daring and successful attempt to throw labouring men on their own resources, and let them taste the sweets of thrift and judicious investment, but the temptation must be resisted.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND

JOHN WILLIAM ARTHUR CHARLES JAMES CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, 6th Duke of Portland, was born in 1857, was educated at Eton, and served in the Militia and subsequently in the Coldstream Guards, from which he retired in 1879 on succeeding to the title.

Though he has probably tried every sport and every game, with the possible exception of croquet, it is chiefly with horses that his time has been occupied. Officially, he has been thrice appointed Master of the Horse, while his zealous fulfilment of the duties of Steward of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding has frequently brought him into the ring at Islington a good hour before fashionable London is out of bed, there performing the onerous duties of organising parades and generally seeing that the shows go off without a hitch.

To the public, however, he is more widely known as one of the most popular, as well as one of the most successful, owners of racehorses, and the list of his famous winners is almost appalling. His colours were first seen on the course in 1881, when the late Fred Archer rode for him, Mowerina winning him his first important race, and it may be noted that on the same day he himself rode, and won, a match against the late Sir John Astley.

His most remarkable good fortune, however, was winning the Derby two years in succession, with Ayrshire in 1888 and with Donovan in 1889. He also won the Oaks two years running, with Mrs. Butterwick in 1893 and with Amiable in 1894, besides winning it with Memoir in 1890 and with La Roche in 1901.

He has enjoyed two big game expeditions in India; he is an enthusiastic deerstalker, killing some splendid stags most seasons at Langwell;

and he also fishes some of the best salmon water in Inverness-shire.

Nor, like other horse-lovers in this volume, is he hostile to the motor. On the contrary, he makes every use of it as a convenience, and watches with great interest the speed trials on his private track at Welbeck.

KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI tells an amusing story against himself as a shooting man—and as a splendid shot he is known only to the few, where, as "Prince of Cricket," as one of his biographers has well named him, he is the property of the many—which may perhaps bear repeating. In his native land, it must be remembered, or, at any rate, in those portions of it which are under native government, there are, or were, no close times for game of any description. Thus it happened that when, as a lad of fourteen, just over from India, he was invited to shoot partridges one fine September in the vicinity of Bournemouth, he could not understand why the rest of the party were such duffers as to spare the "big birds," an omission which he, being even then a remarkably quick shot, took pains to rectify. The sequel at dinner that evening, when the master of the house read out the bag of partridges, hares, and rabbits, and, after an interval of impatient expectation, a youthful voice added with pride, "*And* nine pheasants!" may be better imagined than described.

Born in September, 1872, K. S. Ranjitsinhji went in due course, as is known to every lover of cricket, to Cambridge, and there distinguished himself in the national game. It is difficult indeed to say at what game or sport he would not distinguish himself if he cared, seeing that for extraordinary quickness of eye and suppleness of limb he has not his equal. If, for instance, he had given himself to the study—he is essentially the patient and dogged student of whatever he takes up—of lawn tennis, he would undoubtedly have ranked among the foremost players of the day, and, as it is, he has beaten one or two of those who stand in the front line.

KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI

What is not generally appreciated about "Ranji"—it is difficult to relinquish the pet name of the Pavilion—is his untiring application and constant practice. It might indeed be said of some of our other cricket prodigies, but of none more safely than of him, that they are made, not born. A man of his natural advantages and old fighting stock is not likely to be beaten by any game or sport known to man, and Swift's remark, that most of our amusements are an imitation of fighting, might perhaps give the key to his all-round proficiency. While he is usually associated with outdoor games, his intimates know him as a fine player of both bridge and chess, while a break of 176 stands to his credit at the billiard table; and if he plays a better winning game than losing, he is still a very pretty billiard player. Here again, however, as on the cricket field, careful coaching by the best professionals and assiduous practice whenever opportunity offers have much to say to his success.

As a shot, particularly as a driven shot, he is wonderful, and those who have frequently been out with him say that he shoots the fastest rabbits before he gets his gun up, while he will get his brace of birds out of a covey before other men are ready to shoot at all. What is equally valuable to his friends is his perfect genius for organising a shoot. In this connection it is interesting to remember that he served as A.D.C. to the Maharajah of Patiala, and those who had an opportunity of seeing his services as a transport officer declared that he would be an invaluable soldier in that capacity in any campaign. In the country round about Cutch and Gujarat, where linger the last lions on the continent of Asia, he has shot all manner of big game, and he has had his share

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KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI

of pig-sticking, though it is not perhaps one of his favourite sports.

Nor is this all-round sportsman proof against the gentler attractions of the rod. While at Cambridge he made friends with an expert roach-fisherman, well known in the town, and he acquired great skill and corresponding enthusiasm in that somewhat humble branch of angling. Then it was that his great friend and Sussex colleague, C. B. Fry, chaffed him into trying fly-fishing, and, with the encouragement of an extraordinarily successful *début* on a Yorkshire stream, he took to it with his usual determination, and now throws a good fly.

In taking leave of this, the most remarkable sporting Indian of our day, it is almost refreshing to note two pastimes at which he fails. Although he has resigned the captaincy of the Sussex team in favour of his friend Fry, he will doubtless continue to show us the same faultless cricket all through the season. Yet he, even he, has his athletic limitations. He never rowed, and he cannot swim. Nor does he hunt in England, though a fair horseman. Perhaps in our winters it makes his feet cold. His cricket is, of course, superb; but where is the use of recapitulating his centuries and other triumphs on every great cricket ground of the day? It is of greater interest, taking his pre-eminence for granted, to recognise the truth, that the position which he holds has been reached not so much by exceptional advantages of hand and eye and general cat-like agility—though these go for a good deal—as by extraordinary application. At one time of his career, at any rate, even if of late his attention has been somewhat diverted by other matters, he may be said to have lived cricket, dreamt cricket,

smoked cricket. The game was never out of his thoughts, sleeping or waking, for an hour. It is surely more pleasing to watch his beautiful strokes, not as the work of an athletic miracle, but as the fruit of an unswerving loyalty to the greatest of games. To the born poet there is no more credit for his tuneful numbers than to the skylark for its song.

LORD RIBBLESDALE

THOMAS LISTER, 4th Baron Ribblesdale, of Gisburne Park, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was born in 1854. He was educated at Harrow, and thence went straight into the army, the date of his first commission being 12th November, 1873. He joined the 4th battalion of the Rifle Brigade, then stationed at Umballa in the Punjab. He retired from the service in 1886. When quartered with his regiment at Gibraltar in 1885–86, Lord Ribblesdale hunted regularly with the Calpe hounds, making the best of that rough country of stone, sand and ravine.

Soon after his arrival at the Rock, Lord Ribblesdale was put in charge of Zobehr Pacha, then in detention at Gibraltar as a political prisoner, he and his family and following occupying the Governor's cottage. The experience must have been interesting, for, thanks to the services of a capable interpreter, and to the confidence which a friendly intercourse with his warder inspired in the Pacha, Lord Ribblesdale soon learnt a good deal, not alone of Zobehr's early and adventurous history, but also of his views on the then perplexed politics of the Soudan region.

A Liberal in politics, Lord Ribblesdale was Lord-in-Waiting to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria from 1880 to 1885, and he held the appointment of Master of the Buckhounds from 1892 to 1895.

The latter appointment was offered to him by Mr. Gladstone under circumstances at once novel and precarious, for he seems to have accepted it on the understanding that he was to prepare himself, officially, and those committed to his care for their latter end. One Minister even wrote congratulating him on his *morituru*s appointment, so generally does the position seem to have been

accepted. Threatened men, however, live long, and the fall of the Liberal Administration in Ascot week, 1895, found things just as they had been in 1892. Thus the subject of these notes looked after the Royal Enclosure after three highly successful seasons, and then found himself in a position to hand over to his equally popular successor a seasoned stud, a tireless pack, stout deer, and a smart and competent establishment.

Had it indeed not been for his mastership of the Queen's hounds, it might have been no easy matter to fill the allotted space with anything about Lord Ribblesdale. A personal acquaintance justified me in asking him for some particulars of his sporting accomplishments, some clue to his aspirations. The reply was not encouraging. He seriously and stoutly questioned his claim to be included in a sporting gallery, and threw liberal douches of cold water on the possibilities of a regular biographical notice. He declared that material was altogether lacking. He had never, so he said, owned racehorses, kept hounds, or made record bags. Doubtless it is at once the fashion and the privilege for those who have seen abundance and variety of sport in many lands to make light of their experiences, yet, although Lord Ribblesdale's Rousseau-like confession of an assumed mediocrity did not in the least deceive me, there seemed nothing more to be done.

Fortunately, however—and all who love a good, racy book of sport have occasion to rejoice with me—his mastership of the Buckhounds produced a very entertaining work, under the title of "The Queen's Hounds and Stag-hunting Recollections." This book, which appeared in the Jubilee Year, and which was by permission dedicated to our late gracious Queen, deals with many matters other

than stag-hunting, and horses, hounds, deer, and human beings are all touched upon with the same felicity. Moreover, as has been well remarked, history is biography; and from many points of view the book is its author's autobiography.

The Listers, who have held and lived on the same lands in Craven from the time of Edward IV. (though the pedigree traces back to the 6th of Edward II.) were one of the gentle Yorkshire families who gave their active support to the Parliament. A Lister of Gisburne commanded a troop of dragoons at Marston Moor, and it is on record that Oliver Cromwell stayed the night at Gisburne on his way north after the field of Preston, while the Barbara Lister of that day married John Lambert of Calton, son of the famous Parliamentary General. Gisburne Park, by the way, was formerly remarkable for its herd of wild white cattle; but in-breeding was the ruin of the stock, and, after a period of nothing but bull-calves, the remnant of the herd were killed off in 1859.

The present owner of Gisburne is, as we have seen, a horseman before all else. He is also, however, a skilful and enthusiastic trout-fisherman, and in earlier life was much attached to deer-stalking. Never more than an average rifle-shot, he nevertheless acquired some reputation as a walker, and learnt much of the ways of deer and winds.

Though those who are privileged to give a son in their country's wars are not bereft of consolation, it must have been a terrible blow when, in the recent fighting in Somaliland, Lord Ribblesdale's gallant son, Captain Lister of the 10th Hussars, was first reported missing and then discovered killed. Already in South Africa his brief military career had been extraordinarily brilliant; thrice mentioned in despatches, D.S.O., and Queen's

medal with six clasps. Had he not been cut off in the pride of his manhood by a savage foe, none can doubt that he would have worthily upheld the traditions of soldier and sportsman due to a great house. But it was written otherwise. *Kismet!*

MR. R. H. RIMINGTON-WILSON

In an age of specialising it would be surprising if so marvellous a shot at driven grouse as Mr. R. H. Rimington-Wilson should fail to excite the admiration, if not the envy, of his brother sportsmen. He was born in 1852, and spent his early years at Eton and Cambridge and in the Inniskilling Dragoons. He left the regiment in 1879, and went the same year on a rather unfortunate shooting expedition in China and Japan, in the course of which he was lost in the snow and left there two days and two nights. Many men would have perforce spared the grouse after such an experience, but Mr. Rimington-Wilson's constitution pulled him through, and all that he suffered was the amputation of his toes by a skilled native. In Albania he has also done a good deal of shooting, but the day's sport which he always says will live longest in his memory is that on which he killed to his own gun seventeen and a half couple of snipe and seven duck before ten in the morning, unwittingly poaching on seven or eight acres close to Glasgow Barracks and long since built over.

Although, however, Mr. Rimington-Wilson is an accomplished billiard player, taking high rank among amateurs, and although he is also a fine all-round game shot and particularly good at clay birds, it is with the grouse, and with the record grouse bags on his admirably managed Broomhead Moors, near Sheffield, that his name is commonly associated. A thousand brace of grouse a day seems a prodigious bag for nine or ten guns, yet this figure has been reached on the best day in most years at Broomhead. Six drives a day, and places drawn for without favouritism, the guns

moving up two places at each drive, is the rule; and the results certainly warrant the praise invariably lavished on the head keeper, who is said to have forgotten more than many head keepers have remembered about the production and driving of grouse. There is no shooting over dogs, the owner of Broomhead having a firm belief in the efficacy of driving as tending to mix the blood, though killing off the old birds also benefits the moor.

The record, which still holds, for one day's grouse shooting was that of 2648 birds made at Broomhead by nine guns on 30th August 1893. This has never been beaten, and indeed unfavourable weather, more particularly with the wrong wind, has sometimes disappointed when it seemed at first as if Mr. Rimington-Wilson might break his own record. Altogether, he has taken part in fourteen days at Broomhead, Wemmergill, and Moy, when the bag averaged over 2000 grouse a day.

The Broomhead Moors have belonged to his family for many generations, and the greatest attention is given to the production of the birds, as also to the conduct of the drives, though the subject of these notes is always anxious to impress upon his friends that these enormous bags are not the result of a deliberate attempt at record breaking or making.

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H. PIMLOTT-WILSON

MR. R. A. SANDERS

If one sport is more peculiarly associated with the West Country than the rest, it is the hunting of the stag; and of the several packs that pursue that royal game, none is more popular or more famous than the Devon and Somerset, which Mr. Sanders has mastered for nearly ten years. As he hunts the hounds himself for two days in the week, and as this sport continues with regularity during nine months of the year, it will readily be understood that he has little leisure for other sports, though he gets an occasional day's trout-fishing, and has played some polo without, however, taking front rank in the list of players. He also hunts with the Blackmore Vale, so that he must spend a good portion of the year in the saddle. Though not himself a west countryman, having been born thirty-seven years ago in the Isle of Wight, he has made his home at Exford, the site of the Devon and Somerset kennels, while his wife, who lived at Glenthorne, a picturesque home on the border of Devon and Somerset, has always been a keen rider to hounds, and they both hunted for two seasons from Kibworth Hall in Leicestershire. Mrs. Sanders is referred to in John Fortescue's "Stag-hunting on Exmoor," as one of the young ladies who followed the hunt on ponies.

As has been said, so busy a Master of Hounds as Mr. Sanders has no time for other sports, but he is a keen politician. In 1900 he stood in the Conservative interest for Bristol, and his defeat on that occasion has not discouraged him, for he is, at the time of writing, candidate, as a follower of Mr. Chamberlain, for the Bridgewater division of Somerset in place of Mr. Stanley, who has retired after holding the seat unopposed since 1892. Mr. Sanders also commands the South Molton Squadron of the Royal North Devon I.Y., and it is

interesting to note that at the last training there numbered among its officers no fewer than ten masters of hounds, past or present—no mean tribute to the sporting character of west country squires. Mr. Sanders was at Harrow and Balliol, where he took first-class honours, and was called to the bar in 1891.

Since he took the hounds, his chief difficulty has been to keep the herd of deer within manageable limits. He started with two days' hunting a week; increased this first to three, then to four. Three new packs of staghounds have been formed in the old Devon and Somerset country to cope with the difficulty, and of this something has already been said in the note on Sir John Heathcoat-Amory, who hunts the Tiverton district, while Mr. Sanders hunts the Quantock country, and a third pack hunts round Barnstaple. No fewer than three hundred and fifty deer were, by the combined efforts of these packs, accounted for during 1903, yet the country is still well stocked. Among famous long runs during the Mastership of Mr. Sanders mention may be made of those from Youlstone Wood to Badgworthy, Hawkridge to Glenthorne, Bremridge Wood to Porlock Weir, and Haddon to Emmet's Grange. These were with stags. With hinds the best runs have been from Slowley to Withypool, Hawkridge to Dunster, and Chapman's Barrows also to Dunster. During his nine years of Mastership Mr. Sanders has had the services as huntsmen first of Anthony Huxstable, who retired in 1901, and then of Sidney Tucker, who still carries the horn.

THE HON. J. W. E. DOUGLAS-SCOTT-MONTAGU

SPORT, politics, journalism all appeal to the protean energy of the Member for the New Forest, but it is with the progress of motoring and motors that he has been more intimately identified than perhaps any other among our legislators. We are commonly told by its many admirers that the motor has come to stay, but this savours of paradox when we consider its restless twofold progress, locomotive and evolutionary; and Mr. Scott-Montagu, like his motors, is never still.

One of the pioneers of motoring in this country, one of those who have brought it in line with Continental neighbours, who would otherwise have hopelessly outdistanced it on the road, he may in the first instance have been attracted by its sporting possibilities. That phase, however, has been left behind with many other milestones, and he is now absorbed in the future development of motor traction as an asset in the solution of the housing problem and as an influence on the more healthy development of the nation. His war is not against the horse; indeed, the riding and racing horse he never expects or wishes to see displaced by mechanical traction. Yet he contends, not without support from the developments daily proceeding before our eyes, that the beast of burden, harnessed to its own undoing in van and dray, will slowly but surely be superseded by petrol and electricity. In army manœuvres he looks to the motor car to play a great and useful part, and on his own shooting—which is, after all, the imitation of warfare—he has long since introduced the motor in a novel and now indispensable character. The guns at Beaulieu are taken out by motor, and one of the cars also conveys the keepers and dogs from one beat to the

other, thus widening the sphere of shooting very considerably.

The purely sporting aspect of motoring has engaged its share of his attention, even if it is the utilitarian side which to-day attracts him most. He took part in one of the very first road races, that from Paris to Ostend in 1899, driving a twelve horse-power Daimler, the first British car ever raced on the Continent, and winning a bronze medal as third prize. He was until quite recently Vice-Chairman of the Automobile Club, and only after the victory of his reform party did he retire, like Cincinnatus to the plough, remaining, however, an influential member of the Executive Committee. He drove in one of the first big events organised under its auspices, the Thousand Miles Trial, and during the Irish Fortnight, at the time of the Gordon-Bennett Race in 1903, he raced his twenty-two horse-power Daimler, taking second place in the speed trials, and winning the cup presented by the Royal Ulster Yacht Club for the hill-climbing contest at Castlewellan. Apart from his intrinsic interest in motor cars, he has always been fascinated by the most difficult problems of mechanical traction; and practical work in locomotive shops at Crewe, not to mention constant experience on the footplate of some of our fastest locomotive engines, has qualified him to indulge in such exercises. He is always particularly enthusiastic on the subject of the excellent roads in France, having toured over a great part of that country. By a singular subversion of fact, more than one writer on Parliamentary matters has been known to refer to the "Scott-Montagu Bill," alluding to the recent Government Bill for the regulation of motor traffic. Seeing that Mr. Scott-Montagu worked most

strenuously, in face of tremendous opposition from his fellow legislators, to get some modification of the severity with which this measure was originally drafted, a term, originally invented as a joke at his expense, is now a well-earned compliment, particularly as the Act promises to work smoothly and with excellent results.

He has shot big game in India and North America, but of late years his passion for active public life has kept him at home. It is twelve years since he was given the management of the Beaulieu shooting, and the wonderful improvements which he has effected in that time are widely known. As some evidence of the results of his labours, it may be mentioned that whereas anterior to 1889 the best day's partridge bag was 142 birds, he has since killed 692 in a day, and over 2000 in a season. His practice of leaving a good stock of wild hen pheasants each year is amply justified by the unusual preponderance of wild birds shot. In 1896, for example, only about 1600 birds were reared on the whole estate, but the total pheasant bag reached 6000. He has not bought a pheasant egg for the estate for twelve years, so that his principle of leaving wild hens answers in every way. His ingenious creation of duck and teal pits in various parts of the estate has also made the wild-fowl shooting first-class, and even in a recent busy year, with very few days given to this shooting, the bag included 250 teal and 350 duck, while as many as 13 snipe have been killed in one drive.

Mr. Scott-Montagu is also a keen fisherman, and has killed sea-trout of 10 lbs. in the Beaulieu river, at Hartford Hole and other pools, by fishing the last hour of daylight, when all other methods have failed to score against *Salmo trutta*. This

introduction of a method well known in both Scotland and Norway, fishing till the line is no longer visible in the water, resulted in a complete refutation of the older belief that the Beaulieu river sea-trout could only be caught in rain and a gale of wind. He is, in fact, an adept with both gun and rod, and a flighting duck has not much chance of getting past him, unless the light is uncommonly bad. The gunning-punt, in both its scientific and sporting aspects, is another hobby of his, and few amateurs are his equal in sculling a punt up to duck. His insatiable love of experimenting has made the Beaulieu estate not alone the breeding-ground of wild turkeys, but a general sanctuary of rare wild fowl.

He also has his share of literary labours, for he edits two periodicals, one weekly, the other monthly, dealing with his favourite hobby, and is a prolific writer in the dailies and monthlies on all manner of subjects, from politics to locomotion. His passion for motoring is a joke among his friends. "I believe you think that motor cars will cure all human ills," was the bantering remark addressed to him on one occasion by a well-known statesman. Scott-Montagu modestly, but readily, claimed that they would at any rate help to cure a great many; and his retort may perhaps have had more reason in it than we are yet in a position to appreciate.

MR. ARCHIBALD JOHN STUART-WORTLEY

Mr. Stuart-Wortley, born in 1849, and educated at Eton and Merton College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree, is well known as artist, author, and all-round sportsman. His shooting has placed him in quite the front rank, and he has held his own on occasion with such famous shots as Lord de Grey, Lord Walsingham, Mr. Rimington Wilson, and others in whose company he here finds himself. Pigeon-shooting was at one time his *forte*, and in his celebrated match with Dr. Carver, in the eighties, for £500 a side, one hundred birds apiece, he and his opponent killed eighty-three each, and he then killed an eighty-fourth, only it fell on an outhouse which, in the match in question, was out of bounds. He has been equally proficient with the rifle, and made some fine scoring at the running deer in the old days when the National Rifle Association held its meetings at Wimbledon.

Hunting never attracted him, but he has always been an enthusiastic angler and, with Lord Granby, Mr. Croft, and other masters of the dry fly, he belonged to the celebrated Mimram Club, in Hertfordshire, on the water of which he spent many hours after trout as long as that club existed.

In early life he was very fond of cricket, played for his college, and was for a time a member of the M.C.C., but the serious study of art left him little leisure for so exigent a game.

It is, particularly of late years, as an artist of distinction that Mr. Stuart-Wortley has been before the sport-loving public, though his monographs on the partridge and pheasant and grouse also entitle him to high rank among sporting authors.

MR. A. J. STUART-WORTLEY

For all his success with the brush he thanks Sir John Millais, and he had the distinction of being that master's only pupil. He also studied at the Slade School and in Paris, Rome, and Düsseldorf, and the cosmopolitan breadth of his art training is apparent in his work. His best-known sporting pictures are of grouse and partridge driving, one of "The Big Pack" having been painted at Broomhead, and now the property of Mr. Rimington-Wilson, another of partridge driving being the property of Lord Ashburton, while the late Mr. John Penn bought "The Lost Royal." In addition to his sporting pictures, however, Mr. Stuart-Wortley has painted a number of portraits, among his most distinguished sitters having been the King (for the Junior Carlton Club), Dr. W. G. Grace (for the Pavilion at Lord's), Mr. Shirley, late President of the Kennel Club, and, of ladies, H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife, Lady Newtoun Butler, Lady Kilmorey, and many others.

In the course of a very active life it has fallen to Mr. Stuart-Wortley's lot to found more than one useful institution, and of those which owe their inception to him among others, mention may be made of that popular retreat, the Beafsteak Club, and the Portrait Painters' Society, of which he is President, while he was also the originator of two great successes in the way of exhibitions, that of Sports and Arts at the Grosvenor Galleries in the late eighties, and that of Fair Women at the Grafton Galleries some years later.

MR. EDGAR SYERS

THAT there should still be English skaters able to hold their own among the first exponents of that graceful pastime, says not a little for their perseverance in the face of long odds. The rigours of our English winters are not what they were. Instead of "enjoying" spells of frost-bound weather every year, as they still do in Russia or in Scandinavia, we are now accustomed to look back to the last hard winters of the eighties as survivals of earlier meteorological epoch. Those who do not take their pleasure on ice-skates have little reason to regret the change that has come over our island climate; and those who do, can, thanks to the facilities of modern travel, pursue their favourite exercise in lands which still lie under the yearly grip of frost.

Mr. and Mrs. Syers are easily the first pair-skaters in this country, and indeed, in addition to having won the world's championship in London in the year 1902, they carried off all honours at Copenhagen during the previous year, and were second at both Stockholm and Berlin. They are chiefly known in the English skating world as advocates of the International style, which aims at grace and freedom, whereas the English ideal is in the direction of large curves in a rigid attitude. The freer European style was first introduced into this country by Mr. Syers, who holds the position of honorary secretary to the figure-skating branch of the National Skating Association; and he it was also who induced the authorities to hold their first world's championship, and to invite such masters of the new style (which is in reality a return to the older methods, as any one may see for himself by studying the older works on skating) as Hügel, Fuchs, and Grenander.

It is chiefly perhaps as pair-skaters that Mr.

and Mrs. Syers are known to the sporting world. They also shoot, fish, bicycle, and swim ; and much of their summer, the off season of their craft, is spent in a Canadian canoe along little travelled English rivers and canals.

Mr. Syers, who was recently handicapped by ill-health, was third in the world's championship meeting held at Davos in 1899, and in the following year he was winner in the junior class of the European championship at Berlin. At "Niagara" in 1901 he figured second in the N.S.A. competition, and he holds the N.S.A. badges for both figure and speed skating, on ice and rollers.

It is difficult to write of Mr. Syers without recalling the marvellous skating of his wife. She has skated for seven years, but only during the past three has she applied herself in earnest to the international style. Before her conversion, she had, however, passed the three N.S.A. tests in the English style, and she made one of the team which won the N.S.A. challenge shield for combined skating. Her rejection of the English style in favour of that in which all the international competitions are held was the result of a visit to Davos, where she had opportunities of seeing and admiring the other methods. Besides having practised with her husband, she owes many hints to three such champions as Messrs. Hügel, Fuchs, and Salchow. With her husband she visited Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Davos, and, after winning the ladies' international competition at Copenhagen in 1901, she was second to the redoubted Salchow at "Niagara" in 1902, on which occasion H.M. the King was present. Again, in 1903, she was second to Salchow at Davos and also the first winner of the Swedish Cup, presented to the N.S.A. by the Stockholm Skating Club.

MR. COURTENAY TRACY

SOME one—it must have been the sporting Mr. Russell—once said that in his early days he had tramped over three thousand miles of Devon without finding an otter, and he concluded that he might as well have looked for a moose. Many who have been out on unsuccessful days with the Dartmoor or Culmstock will sympathise with this sombre experience, but Mr. Courtenay Tracy would not be among the number, for he must by now have notched a whole jungle of otter poles from end to end.

The otter was not his first quarry, for, as a lad of only nine years, in the days when his father had a deal of shooting round Ockley, in Surrey, he began hunting hare with a scratch pack of beagles. In fact, the party combined hunting and shooting in an ingenious manner, first shooting such rabbits as the pack put up, and then, as soon as a hare appeared in fairly open country, putting the guns in the nearest dry ditch and following the chase on foot.

Later on, when his father moved into Kent, to Edenbridge, Mr. Tracy whipped in to, and later hunted the pack, and also, until the middle sixties, hunted at times the Southern Hounds kennelled in the neighbourhood. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he started and hunted the Trinity Foot Beagles.

His otter-hunting enthusiasm practically dates from his meeting Mr. William Collier, perhaps the finest huntsman of otterhounds in the history of the sport, and that in turn was due to Mr. Tracy's joining the Western Circuit after taking his degree. The first day out with Mr. Collier on the Exe may be said to have laid the foundations of the successes that have rewarded him during the past forty years, in the course of which he has hunted otter in the west and north of England, in Wales, in Ireland

and Scotland, and, on one memorable occasion, in France.

About the year 1884 Mr. Clift, of the West Cumberland, brought his otterhounds to hunt in Wiltshire, and showed excellent sport. This led to the establishment of the local pack, of which Mr. Tracy was elected Master in 1887, and with which he has carried the horn ever since. The country extends from Yeovil, in Somerset, to Farnham, in Surrey, taking in the New Forest. This, with an occasional visit to friendly Masters in Devon and elsewhere, when the water meadows are laid up for hay, gives even an enthusiast like Mr. Tracy all the sport he can want.

All manner of other hunting Mr. Tracy has done in the intervals of his favourite sport: the foumart in the Lake Country, the wild deer on Exmoor and in the Forest, the carted deer in various countries, the fox also, and even the badger by moonlight with the Axminster pack.

Hawking, too, with the Old Hawking Club has also given him many an enjoyable day, and with the gun or rifle he has stalked on the fjelds of Norway and on the plains of North Africa.

As a fisherman he has been most successful with trout, his proudest day being when he killed five consecutive fish, averaging 5 lbs. a piece, on the dry May-fly. Salmon have been less kind to him, in spite of his constant war against their natural enemy.

Though not a young man, he still, in season, shoots his five or six days a week. Even then, when the last coverts have been shot, he cannot rest the few weeks that must elapse before the opening of the otter-hunting, but is out every fine day, and some others, seeing on foot the end of many a good hunt.

COLONEL WALROND

Colonel Walrond, although he was born in Paris in 1841, and did not see England until 1852, is of old Devon stock, and few have done more than he during the last thirty or forty years to keep alive the national interest in archery. Colonel Walrond shot with a gun before he drew the bow, but he also used the latter while still a schoolboy near Oxford. He and his father used to shoot sitting rabbits with arrows on lawns which covered about thirty acres and were well enclosed, so that there were plenty of opportunities. Some have gone yet further than this in their hopes of reviving the bow as a weapon of the chase, and Mr. Thompson, in America, and Mr. Straker, in India, have both shot game in this way. On the whole, however, the modern hammerless ejector is more profitable, though a more general use of the bow would perhaps preclude the necessity of enforcing the game laws.

It was when coaching at Teignmouth, before he went up to Christ Church, Oxford, that Colonel Walrond first took seriously to archery, joining the then flourishing Teignmouth Archery Club (1857), which has long ceased to exist; and in 1858 he shot for the first time in public at the Grand National at Exeter. During the next two or three years he won numerous prizes. For some little time he lost interest in the sport, but when, in 1864, the Grand Western Meeting was held at Exeter, he recovered his keenness and was eighth, bettering this two years later by coming out first, and consequently, at the Grand Western Meeting at Weymouth, holding the Championship of the West. Two years after that, in 1868, the Grand Western Meeting fell through, and he accepted the post of Honorary Secretary and revived the meeting, which has been a great success ever since.

Such an enthusiast could not well shirk official responsibility, and Colonel Walrond has, in fact, borne more than his share of duties. He was for fifteen years (1861–1876) Honorary Secretary to the Teignmouth Archery Club; he has held the same post to the Grand Western ever since 1868; he was appointed on the Committee of the Grand National in 1869; he was Vice-President in 1894; Chairman of Committee since 1896; and Honorary Secretary of the Royal Toxophilite Society since 1893.

His principal wins include the Championship of the West for the years 1866, 1870, 1871, 1874, 1875, 1879, 1887, 1888. In the Grand National Meeting he shot third in 1871 and 1900, fourth in 1879, and fifth in 1874, 1887, and 1892.

He carried off the first prizes at the Crystal Palace in 1891, at the Grand Northern in 1896, and at the Grand Western on six occasions between 1866 and 1899.

His best public scores have been (Double York Round) 851 in 1871; 815 in 1878; 829 in 1887, all at the Grand Western Meeting.

Besides his archery, Colonel Walrond was always fond of rowing in his earlier Teignmouth and Oxford days. He also commanded the Teignmouth Rifle Volunteers 1863 to 1873, and did a deal of rifle shooting. Indeed, his eye and hand have served him admirably with the modern rifle as with the ancient bow, for he was the best shot at the Hythe School of Musketry in March 1868, and Musketry Instructor 1868–81 with the First Class Certificate, Hythe, P.S. (F.O.) Tactics (First Class).

He joined the 1st Devon Militia in the early sixties; was Lieutenant in 1863; Captain, 1871; Major, 1882; Lieutenant-Colonel and Honorary Colonel, 1893, finally resigning in 1898.

LORD WALSINGHAM

We do not commonly associate a passion for butterfly-hunting with a love of big-game shooting and a skill with gun and rifle that few can equal and fewer still excel. Lord Walsingham, the chronicler of the "Badminton" volumes, the peer of only such shots as Lord de Grey, the maker of the record bag of 1070 grouse in one day to his own gun, is more widely known, but not more enthusiastic, than the author of upwards of a hundred contributions to learned Transactions, the Fellow of every learned Society of note in this country, the honorary member of the leading scientific bodies of the United States, France, Germany, Holland and Russia. His administrative work has been performed as trustee of both the British Museum, and the Museum of the College of Surgeons, but his services to the nation will live after him, for he has by deed of gift transferred to it the splendid collections now lodged at Merton Hall.

Lord Walsingham went to Eton and thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he is M.A., LL.D., and High Steward. Although political life at no time absorbed him, he sat for five years as Conservative member for West Norfolk.

Though his specific claim to a place in this gallery rests on his splendid skill with the gun rather than on his entomological lore, it is impossible seriously to consider Lord Walsingham apart from the unique collections, to the making of which he has given most of his life. There are in all probability as many micro-lepidoptera at Merton as there are lepidoptera altogether in the British Museum. The Walsingham collections are not important only from the great extent of their material, but rather from their high scientific value, comprising not alone his own types, but also several other collections that he has from time to time acquired and added.

It has already been remarked that he contrives in a surprising manner to combine sporting and entomological recreations on his foreign trips, and the most important of these was that which he made 1871–1872 in California and Oregon. Travelling *viâ* New York, Chicago and San Francisco, he shot humming-birds and sea-lions on the way. After hunting and collecting on various grounds, he made his winter quarters at Fort Watson, where exposure told on him, and during March 1872 he was seriously ill, the trip having then occupied nearly a year. Resuming his march in the middle of April, he followed the Columbia River down to Portland, and thence to the end of the railway track. Some very interesting micro-lepidoptera were collected in the Siskiyou Mountains on the border of California and Oregon, and the journey was continued by way of Crescent City to Eureka, where camp was broken up, and Lord Walsingham returned home *viâ* San Francisco. This trip involved the only really important collection of micro-lepidoptera ever made in California and Oregon. The larger zoological results of the trip consisted of a variety of deer, bears, beavers and Rocky Mountain sheep, with fossil skulls of extinct mammalia, found in the Miocene clays on John Day's River, in Oregon.

Lord Walsingham has also collected in the south of France, as well as in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Albania, Corsica, the Pyrenees and southern Spain, Morocco and Algeria. He must personally have collected for his own cases between fifteen and twenty thousand specimens. It matters little to their race. The moths and butterflies increase in a ratio that would defy all the energy of a thousand Walsinghams, and their life is at best but a little span.

MR. W. DUDLEY WARD

Of all the sportsmen who have preceded Mr. Ward in these pages, none have taken our thoughts to that festive pageant at Henley wherein, under the paternal eye of Leander and some other ruling bodies, sundry aquatic gladiators of more than one nationality strain their muscles, and too often their hearts, in manly contest for coveted trophies of the river. More than one of the subjects depicted by Mr. Elliott have figured with credit in the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match; it is left for Mr. Ward worthily to represent the Boat Race in which his university has of late years recovered so much of its threatened prestige. In a year indeed which seems to have given all the glory to the Light Blues, only the cricket match remaining undecided at the time of writing, it is perhaps fitting that the boats should be represented by a Cambridge oarsman.

Mr. W. Dudley Ward, born in 1877, went to Eton in 1891 and soon took to the water. Indeed, his sporting career has been one long rowing record, and if this lacks the variety which belongs to some more catholic activities, there is, on the other hand, such a list of victories as might inspire envy in others as young. Having, as early as 1893, won in the Novice Eights, in 1894 in Lower Fours, and in 1895 in Trial Eights and House Fours, he occupied in 1896 the proud position of Captain of the Boats.

In 1896 he went up to Cambridge (Trinity), where he remained until 1900. In 1897, 1899, and 1900 he rowed in the Cambridge boat, the first year being one of defeat, the other two of brilliant victory. In 1898 he scratched all engagements through illness.

At Henley he was in constant evidence during five or six summers. He always contrasts his

Henley experiences of 1900 and 1902, and indeed they illustrated for him the blaze of sunshine after rain, for in the former year he got in the final of three such important events as the Grand Challenge, Stewards' Cup, and Silver Goblets, only to be beaten in the finals on the last day, whereas in 1902 the position was happily reversed, and the last day saw him victorious in all three events. To give a complete list of all his wins and losses at Henley would be only a monotonous delving into old records.

He has narrowly won and as narrowly lost some hardly contested races, of which perhaps the most remarkable was that in which his House Four at Eton (1895) won by a quarter of a length after being behind most of the way. Almost as exciting was when he rowed for the winning Leander in the 1901 Grand Challenge, their opponents being Pennsylvania University. For three-quarters of the course the boats pulled dead level; then Leander sprinted home by just a length. Of his defeats by an equally small margin perhaps the most memorable was when he rowed for 3rd Trinity in the Grand Challenge, 1903. The misfortune of one of his crew falling ill on the opening day of the regatta and having to be replaced at the eleventh hour by an untrained man made it imperative to reconstruct the whole crew, so that in the circumstances a defeat in the final by Leander by only six feet was practically equivalent to victory had the original crew been intact.

He coached the winning Cambridge crews in 1902 and 1903, and has in fact only coached one unsuccessful crew.

MR. P. F. WARNER

When a man has travelled 130,000 miles on cricketing tours alone, when he has played in the West Indies, the United States and in Canada, in Australia and New Zealand, in South Africa, in such widely sundered cities as Invercargill, San Francisco and Oporto, when he has captained important teams in four continents, surely such a title as "the Odysseus of Cricket" may be applied to him without fear of criticism. In the case of Mr. Warner the title is particularly happy, since it was he himself who invented it for Lord Hawke, to whom it might indeed apply with equal appropriateness.

Mr. Warner is a West Indian by birth, but he came to this country at a very early age, and was known in his day as Captain of the Rugby XI. of 1892 and of the Oxford XI. of 1895-96.

His enthusiasm for cricket is extraordinary, and he has followed summer round the globe so often that there is no need for him, like some less fortunate folk who stay at home, to take any alternative interest in winter games. In fact, he has devoted himself so whole-heartedly to cricket that he does little else. He has never hunted; he is an indifferent fisherman; and, singularly enough for one whose eye is so deadly straight at the wicket, he is anything but a cunning shot. It is commonly said that a straight eye and a steady hand alone are required for proficiency in any and every game; and, as usual, when we leave the realm of theory and apply the maxim in a personal case, we find such fine generalising to be all wrong.

In the match against Cambridge he did indifferently, but to Middlesex he has been a tower of strength, his services to that county being comparable to those of C. B. Fry for Sussex or Lord Hawke for Yorkshire, though the cricket

of all three is absolutely distinct. Like some other great players, he has his favourite ground, and on his day at Lord's he is worth travelling some distance to watch.

It is, however, less as a player than as the Captain of the eleven sent out to challenge the federated colonies that Mr. Warner has recently been before the public. The somewhat disagreeable episodes attending the appointment of captain, in which the choice of the authorities was vindicated in the *Times* by a lately-deceased Middlesex player of other days, and the final composition of the team, must still be fresh in the memory of lovers of the game and its best traditions. The fortunes which attended Mr. Warner and his colleagues are of still more recent date, and the banquet given to those who "brought back the ashes," as well as the match against the "Rest of England" at Lord's, also calls for only passing mention. Mr. Warner's triumph won "from our public cares a day of joy," and that was something to be grateful for. This has been his *Annus Mirabilis*, for his wedding, early in June, was actually permitted to interrupt a match at Lord's, his best man being Lord Hawke, who was playing for the victorious Zingari against the gentlemen of England.

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